THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, July 23, 1955

CRITIC'S MOSCOW DIARY

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. L. No. 1272 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1955 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
THE NEWS IN REVIEW	86
SOCIALISM AND THE WELFARE STATE. By G. D. H. Cole	88
LESSONS OF A COAL STRIKE	89
MOSCOW DIARY. By Critic	90
FAIR AND WARMER. By Sagittarius	91
THIS ENGLAND	91
JOHN CITIZEN. By V. S. Pritchett	91
ANATOL'S RANSOM. By Aylmer Vallance	92
AN EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY. By Herbert Read	94
FAITH AND REASON. By A. D. Blest	94
OPPORTUNITY LOST. By Ronald Blythe	98
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
Simple Pleasures. By T. C. Worsley	99
Wales and Cheltenham. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	99
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.*	
Painting as a Passion. By John Berger	100
Stars of the Festival Ballet. By Annabel Farjeon	100
Limits and Lack of Limits. By William Salter	100
Grinning Ulysses. By William Whitebait	103
CORRESPONDENCE	103
From Grace G. Harris; A. J. King; A. B. Ward; Michael Lindsay; Denis Botterill; Sir Herbert Read; L. Al-Kadhi; Clifford W. Gillam; Eleanor Conway Sawyer.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL:	
Top Men. By Janet Adam Smith	106
NEUTRALS. By Philip Oakes	107
REVIEWS:	
Old Doug and Old Joe. By Charles Madge	107
Bourgeois and Artist. By Enid Starkie	108
A Pursuit of Power. By William Plomer	109
Philanthropy Is Not Enough. By Letitia Fairfield	109
Now They Come to Think of It. By G. W. Stonier	110
Chartism Up to Date. By Ralph Partridge	111
The Chinese Establishment. By D. Hawkes	111
The Elusive Leader. By Geoffrey Brereton	111
New Novels. By Walter Allen	112
SHORTER REVIEWS	113
WEEK-END COMPETITION	114
THE CHESS BOARD. By Assiac	116
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	117

Geneva and the Map of Europe

MARSHAL BULGANIN was not merely sparring when he politely turned down Sir Anthony Eden's offer of a Five-Power security pact, with the gently ironic observation that strong Powers don't need guarantees. Sir Anthony no doubt understood well enough his oblique allusion to a document whose contents have this week constituted a substantial obstacle to Four-Power agreement. Later, Sir Anthony in turn disposed of Bulganin's suggestion that the unification of Germany must follow the conclusion of a European security pact, with the assertion that this sequence of events would involve undue delay. He, too, it may be supposed, was alluding to the same document. The document? The post-Yalta map of Europe. The Soviet proposal implies a general military guarantee of existing frontiers, including the Oder-Neisse line: the British does not.

If the Western Powers seriously desire to negotiate a settlement, they cannot shrug aside the Soviet attitude as just another reversion to Russian bloody-mindedness. For, when the Russians indicate that there can be no European settlement which does not include a guarantee of the smaller Powers, they certainly speak also for the Poles and the Czechs—and not only for their Communist Governments. The Western Governments, then, should be considering whether the conditions can be achieved in which they would regard it as advantageous to underwrite the existing map of Europe.

The first objective of the West in these circumstances would legitimately be the immediate unification of Germany under a freely elected government; and the Russian attitude in recent weeks suggests strongly that the method and timing of this would not be impossible to negotiate, once the West had given an earnest of its intention to collaborate in a general security pact. Secondly, the West could reasonably demand the cessation of organised Cominform subversion of West European institutions; and, in return for a similar change in the *Voice of America*, one may reasonably hope that the Russians would go far to meet them. Thirdly, comes the withdrawal of troops from the satellites. To a demand of this nature, the Russians would presumably reply: What about Nato? Nevertheless Marshal Bulganin has indicated this week that the Warsaw Pact may be regarded as a legitimate matter for bargaining; and Moscow has hinted more than once in the past that the Soviet Government might, in certain circumstances, be prepared to acquiesce in the presence of some U.S. troops west of the Rhine, even after their troops had been withdrawn within the Soviet frontiers. The chances, therefore, of being able to strike a bargain, which included both a withdrawal of Soviet troops and the presence of the U.S. as a member of a general European security pact, do not seem—in the framework of a future Foreign Ministers' conference—impossibly remote.

But what of Dr. Adenauer? Present difficulties over Germany have arisen largely out of an all-embracing U.S. commitment to the Federal Chancellor. Is there any possibility that he or his successor, as leader of a united Germany, could acquiesce in a settlement which accepted the permanent cession of the Eastern territories? We do not argue that no negotiated change of frontier should ever be contemplated; only that the whole peace of Europe may hinge on the willingness of a German Chancellor, formally and finally, to abjure the use of force in pursuing this claim. For the present Western objection to a general guarantee of frontiers amounts, in effect, to an insistence on holding open the gate for another *Drang nach Osten*. Thus a negotiated settlement of the German problem—and of Europe's generally—will depend on the West's ability to devise an acceptable system in which Poland, Czechoslovakia and the other countries of Eastern Europe can, no less than the Soviet Union itself, be guaranteed against the military danger of a united and rearmed Germany.

The News in Review

At Home

THE Labour Party's statement on Civil Defence confronts the country with a sharp question: short of peace, is there any alternative to annihilation? Pointing out that deadly "fall-out" from the explosion of a nuclear missile would cover at least 8,000 square miles (the area might, in fact, be greater) the statement argues that, if the population is to have minimal protection, the Government must base its programme, not merely on the organisation of mobile C.D. columns and the stockpiling of food and clothing, but on plans to disperse the population, "as soon as war is imminent," in billets and camps in relatively safe areas. The difficulty is that, in a "Pearl Harbour" situation, dispersal could not be effected in time, while—even if it could be assumed that the "safe" areas would escape radio-activity—dispersal in a slow, mounting crisis, as in 1939, would paralyse the whole country before a shot was fired. Is the solution, then, to write off protection as unobtainable in a small, densely populated island and to concentrate on either (a) the "great deterrent" of Western bombing power, or (b) methods of interception? Neither offers much security. The alternatives, for Britain, are annihilation or avoidance of war.

UNTIL we see the text of the promised Monopolies Bill—and more particularly until the measure has emerged from Committee—it will remain difficult to judge either the sincerity or the probable effectiveness of Mr. Thorneycroft's intentions. The Board of Trade is to be empowered to require "registration" of such collective trade practices as it presumes to be "restrictive"; and the onus of continuing a "registered" practice will fall on the shoulders of the trade association concerned. That is, it will have to plead, before a judicial tribunal, its case for exemption from the ban implicit in "registration." There may be force in the Opposition's argument that this "piece-meal approach" could involve long delays before a practice condemned in principle could be eliminated from *all* the trades now operating it. But once it had established a body of case law, a vigorous tribunal should not take long to dispose of appeals. Exemptions, of course, might be granted too generously—the Bill, it seems, will accept, without question, the legality of *individual* resale price maintenance agreements—but this possibility is inherent in any solution of the problem on judicial lines. Moreover, exemptions are to be subject to periodic review. Whether the present Government will appoint a forceful tribunal, or encourage it to act with speed, is another matter.

WARNED by the tragic experience in the United States, public health authorities in this country have rightly refused to be stampeded into premature use of the Salk type anti-polio vaccine. This vaccine depends on the killing off of virulent viruses; but its power to induce immunity depends on a critical point in the process of manufacture at which either the efficacy of the vaccine may be destroyed or stray viruses may remain alive and produce polio itself. Despite this risk, however, and despite the fact that a set-back was calculated to discredit the whole principle of polio-vaccination, American scientists were hard pressed in their clinical work by the commercial need for quick results. Opposition was overruled; manufacturers were subsidised into mass production; politicians were lobbied, and public health authorities were bullied into acquiescence by public opinion, which had been unbalanced by fear of the disease. As a result, people have died, scientific reputations have suffered and ammunition has been given to the professional anti-vaccinationists. Canada, which produced its own vaccine under more rigorous supervision, has so far avoided mishap. The whole affair fully justifies Britain's conservative system of clinical testing. As the work now develops, British scientists may modify the Salk process of making the "dead-virus" vaccine, but most of them seem to believe that the proper answer is to be found with a "conditioned" live virus. Like the B.C.G. vaccine for tuberculosis, this would use a carefully bred, attenuated strain of virus, sufficient to mobilise the anti-polio resistance of the body, but not sufficiently virulent to produce the disease itself.

THE campaign to preserve Oxford from the City Council's plan to construct by-pass roads across Christ Church Meadow and the University Parks was carried an important stage further this week. A letter to the press, signed—with almost unchallengeable authority—by twelve Heads of Houses and two Vice-Heads, argues against the proposed scheme and against the ministerial injunction, from which it arose, that the City Council must plan a set of "internal relief roads." But, say the signatories of this week's letter, first execute the original Oxford City Plan, which specified both an *outer* by-pass ring and a great extension of shopping facilities in the recently developed areas east of Magdalen Bridge. If that should prove ineffective, the next stage is to consider the possibility of tunnelling. If, finally, that course is found to be impracticable, they conclude, "we are firmly of the opinion that any further surface relief roads should only be built north of the Parks and/or south of the Isis." This seems a thoroughly sensible approach to the problem, and we are glad to note that the Ministry of Transport is now prepared to complete the north-western by-pass and that the city itself has plans to link the Iffley and the Abingdon roads—thus connecting the eastern approaches with south Oxford and the south-west. The problem of Oxford traffic is from every point of view an intractable one; but the City Council's existing plan would destroy irreparably integral parts of a national heritage.

ONCE again the Holborn Borough Council, supported by local business interests, is seeking to prevent seven acres of Bloomsbury being used for the National Library—the much-needed extension of the British Museum. Those who think first of rateable values may indeed resent the stacking of seldom used books on valuable acreage. Yet the point of a national library is that it should have its stock on immediate call, and, what is more important, that students should not have to trek out to Colindale to see old newspapers, one of the most important of all sources. There may indeed be a case for turning over the whole of the present Museum building to the library, and concentrating the other exhibits in the Museum precinct at South Kensington, or for erecting a completely new and comprehensive library building in Bloomsbury. The one solution that is indefensible is to scatter the book stock more widely. The Treasury already imposes sufficient handicaps upon the Museum.

Overseas

REPORTS from Montevideo, inspired by President Peron's opponents, continue to suggest that his power is waning and that he cannot long survive the moderation imposed upon him by Army leaders. It is true that the President's speech last Friday gave some colour to such reports, for he has nominally given up the leadership of the Peronista Party, proclaimed the end of the nine-year revolutionary phase, and declared that he will henceforth rule constitutionally "within the framework of the law." It does not follow, however, that the President is in danger of being overthrown. On the contrary, the abortive revolt may have strengthened his position and so disorganised the opposition that he feels safe enough to make gestures of this kind. Should he advance the promised elections for a constituent assembly, this is more likely to be a sign of confidence rather than weakness. Before he can be forcibly replaced, there must be a coalition of his opponents with real popular backing. And there are no signs that this is happening. Indeed, Peron's organised union backing seems as strong as ever, and anyone seeking to upset him must reckon the risk of bitter civil war with the armed C.G.T. members.

THE first anniversary of the Geneva Agreement has passed without any sign of negotiations between the two parts of Vietnam on the elections due one year from now. Mr. Diem, it is true, has stated that "he does not reject" elections as a means of peaceful unification, but he has done nothing about meeting Vietminh representatives. On the contrary, he has several times insisted that he is not "legally bound" to hold such pre-electoral discussions. Meanwhile, Ho Chi Minh has secured promise of a Soviet credit of £35m., Soviet training for his technicians and Soviet construction of 25 enterprises in North Vietnam. This is in addition to help pledged by China recently.

THE long crisis in Buganda seems to be nearing its end. The Lukiko has endorsed the arrangements made in London by the Colonial Office and the Baganda delegates; the new constitution is to come into force as soon as the papers are in order, and the Kabaka will return a few weeks later. Under the new Protectorate constitution the Governor, we hope, will retain his right to appoint those Ministers whom he thinks fit, without being swayed by racial prejudice. No support has been shown in Britain for the move to exclude an Asian Minister; and so long as communal representation lasts, it is right for the Asians to be represented in the Government as well as in the Council.

A NATIONAL Liberation Movement candidate won a significant by-election victory in the heart of Ashanti. His two-to-one majority reverses the vote of a year ago, showing that Mr. Nkrumah's Convention People's Party has lost a good deal of ground in Ashanti and that the opposition of the N.L.M. is no longer insignificant. The difficulty facing the Gold Coast Premier is how independence can be secured by a country which is united in demanding the end of colonial rule, but divided equally about the constitution—one part wanting a unitary structure and the other a federal system.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Jakarta

Indonesia's Chance

A Special Correspondent writes: General elections are almost certain to be held for the first time, later this year in the ten-year-old Republic of Indonesia. (Most of the M.P.s in the present Parliament were appointed by Presidential decree to represent factions and parties.) Signs are that in the new Parliament the Nationalist Party (which now governs with the support of the Communists), will lose ground; that the Masjumi will get more seats than any other party, and that both the Socialist and the Communist Parties will increase their representation. The Communists claim a party membership of half a million, but a figure of a hundred thousand is believed to be more accurate. There is no possibility of the Socialists winning the elections, but the possibility of a coalition between the Masjumi and the Socialists should not be ruled out.

A coalition is also expected, and hoped for, by the Communists. The Political Bureau of the Central Committee of the Communist Party has put out a most detailed scheme for a "National Coalition Government." This, they say should be headed by a "progressive non-Communist Premier." Although the Bureau appeals for support from all democratic parties and groups, the Socialists and the Masjumi are unlikely to fall for this manoeuvre. The Bureau's draft programme, however, has been carefully designed to interest the Nationalists and some of the numerous splinter parties which plague Indonesian politics. It gives an assurance that the proposed National Coalition Government will not be a people's dictatorship. Its aim will be to repeal acts prohibiting workers from striking; lower land rents; register moneylenders and lower interest rates; allow squatters to remain on foreign-owned estates; provide free land for the poor and landless peasants; eliminate the Daul Islam and other terror gangs; increase rice production and reduce cultivation of export produce such as rubber and coffee and to replace these with crops needed at home for food and clothing; introduce price control; encourage free trade with all countries; annul the embargo on trade with China; insist on war reparations from Japan; permit no military bases for foreign countries; reject Mutual Security Aid.

With much of this the Socialists would not quarrel. But Sutan Sjharir's reaction to the National Front idea was contained in his speech at the Socialist Party Conference. He made it clear that his party opposed colonialism, imperialism, Fascism and all other kinds of totalitarianism. The Socialists, he reminded his listeners, broke away from the Communists early in the revolution. To Socialists independence meant, as much as anything else, development of the human being as well as development of the State. This view was not shared by the Communists. This was the fundamental difference between them. This is what would keep them apart. The best, therefore, that the Communist Party can hope for is a key position in a coalition between the Nationalists and the splinter parties. Which is roughly the position they occupy today. One thing is certain: Indonesia will not vote Communist at the general elections.

What of the possibilities of the Masjumi winning and turning the country into an Islamic State? This possibility does exist, for within the party there is a strong group which favours a theocratic State. Fortunately, also within the party there is a not unimportant Socialist faction which does not want an Indonesian Islamic State. Some sort of compromise might, therefore, be necessary within the Masjumi if the party won an overwhelming victory at the polls. Whatever happens, the result could hardly be worse than the present unsatisfactory state of affairs which has caused Indonesia, potentially among the richest of the newly independent Asian nations, to lag so far behind the rest. At a recent emergency meeting of the All-Indonesia T.U.C. it was revealed that for a labourer with a wife and two children to eat properly he should spend about 573 rupiahs, whereas his total income is 150 rupiahs. To get an adequate rice diet it would be necessary for him to spend his entire income on rice alone. Most Indonesians get one meal a day. The Communists say they can put all this right. I doubt if they will get a chance to prove this at the elections. But this will probably be the non-Communist parties' last chance to do something about improving material conditions.

Paris

The Shame of Casablanca

Our Paris Correspondent writes: What is the significance of the July 14 bomb outrage in Casablanca? It occurred only one week after M. Grandval's arrival. But in these few days he had made it abundantly clear that he intended to take decisive political action before the middle of August—the anniversary of the Sultan's deposition—and that he had the full backing of both M. Faure and of M. July, the Minister concerned. His first action had been to dismiss nine senior French administrators, all notorious for their extremist sympathies. His second had been to quash sentences passed on 77 Arab Nationalists, including a number accused of terrorist activities. His third, and most important, had been to begin a series of meetings with leading Moroccan personalities, with the manifest intention of providing a speedy solution to the dynastic problem. Ben Araffa, it was believed, had expressed his willingness—indeed eagerness—to abdicate immediately, provided M. Grandval guaranteed his personal safety. Shortly afterwards, M. Grandval informed El Glaoui of Ben Araffa's new attitude and asked for his co-operation, adding that any overt opposition on El Glaoui's part would be severely dealt with. The El Glaoui-Grandval interview was immediately followed, it appears, by a secret conference of feudal chieftains, senior police officers and leaders of extremist French organisations, presided over by El Glaoui himself. This was on July 12. In other words, before the explosion took place, it was already clear to the French extremists and their allies that the new Resident-General had little in common with his predecessors; that he was neither a racist, like Marshal Juin, nor a political ignoramus like General Guillaume, nor a mediocre and pliable cipher, like M. Lacoste; that he was, in fact, an intelligent, tough-minded and determined civil servant, who had arrived in Morocco with an open mind and full Cabinet backing, and who could be suborned neither by bribery nor threats. In view of this they had every reason to believe that only the most exceptional measure could "save" the situation.

Next, the incident itself. For the reasons given above, it is clear that the Istiqlal had nothing to gain—and everything to lose—by bringing the *détente* to an end. Secondly, the explosive charge used was far greater than any hitherto employed by Arab terrorists; indeed, it seems to have been of professional manufacture, similar to those used in Moroccan mining. The evidence concerning the two Arab boys seen immediately before the explosion comes entirely from police sources and is, therefore, automatically suspect. Thirdly, the timing of the incident is significant: not only did it take place two days after El Glaoui's conference, and on a day calculated to produce the strongest possible reactions from the French population, but it coincided with the preparations for Geneva. In other words, like El Glaoui's *putsch* of August, 1953, which took place during the French strike wave, it occurred at a time when the Government in Paris was fully occupied with other matters and therefore most exposed to the pressure of extremist elements in its majority.

Finally, the riots. An analysis of numerous eye-witness accounts leads to the strong suspicion that these "spontaneous manifestations of national grief" had in fact been carefully prepared, and that the Casablanca police, who throughout co-operated closely with the rioters, had actively assisted in the preparations. Many of the rioters were equipped with pistols, submachine guns and hand-grenades similar to those issued to the police, and normally unobtainable by civilians, even in Casablanca. At most of the points where the rioters congregated, the police were miraculously absent; and on the rare occasions where they were present they appeared to be encouraging, rather than dispersing, the rioters. Throughout the riots, the arrival of police vans was greeted with acclamations by the settlers—as numerous photographs bear eloquent witness. A characteristic incident took place during the burial service for the victims of the explosion: the police, according to the correspondent of *Le Monde*, not only stood by, laughing, while M. Grandval was insulted and manhandled by the crowd, but actually gave the signal for shouts of *"Vive El Glaoui!"*

So far, M. Grandval, despite repeated threats to his life, has refused to retreat. His wise decision to dismiss M. Faucquenot, the administrator of the Casablanca region, and to place the city under Army control, has given him the physical means to impose order; the dispatch of three dependable regiments of *gardes mobiles* from France shows that he still has the backing of the Government; and his statement to the French press on Sunday made it clear that he is more determined than ever to solve the dynastic problem. The *coup d'état* may therefore be said to have failed, though there will doubtless be repercussions in the Assembly. What is, perhaps, more important in the long run, however, is the reaction of French public opinion. Although many Paris papers have tried to minimise the responsibility of the French settlers (the ringleaders of the mobs, it is said, were "mainly Spaniards") enough of the truth has penetrated to provoke a profound and widespread wave of shame among the French public. After over forty years of the Protectorate, Morocco, it is felt, has returned to the state of anarchy in which the French found it. Where, then, is the order and security which it is France's minimal duty, as the protecting power, to provide? What has happened to her much-vaunted "civilising mission" in the Arab world? There are signs, in short, that large numbers of Frenchmen, of all shades of political opinion, are beginning to doubt the very foundations and purpose of *la présence française* in North Africa. Will this new feeling be reflected in rapid and determined political action? Or will the Assembly, as with Indo-China, lag disastrously behind public opinion?

Westminster

The Irish Member

"I'm not a bird," said Roche, the Irish Member, "that I can sit in two places at once." This was rather the position of Mr. Thomas Mitchell, the putative Member for Mid-Ulster, who being in prison, couldn't take his place at Westminster. Not that he wanted to: he had in fact been elected *not* to sit in Parliament. And the Government's Motion designed to help his unrepresented constituents by invalidating the election must have seemed irrelevant to their immediate interests.

For the Mid-Ulster poll was a demonstration, not an election. And Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, the Attorney-General, in moving that Mitchell be unseated, provoked a constitutional debate which advertised this purpose and laid the foundations of future trouble. "The Constituency is always right," said Silverman in effect. And he scarcely needed to mention Wilkes, Bradlaugh, O'Connell and Rothschild to support his argument.

In a democracy, a political felon will always win a lot of sympathy. And Mr. Silverman's Amendment calling for a Select Committee to study Mr. Mitchell's case won support from the very fact that the Attorney-General—a dry biscuit if there ever was one—could only heap on the would-be Member his convictions under the Treason Felony Act, 1848, and his disqualifications under Section 2 of the Forfeiture for Felony Act.

As a champion of the oppressed, Mr. Silverman has the advantage of being small. And although his hulking opponents on these occasions may claim that this is unfair, Silverman's size does tend to dramatise the occasions. So, too, does the fact that his defence moves rapidly from the most intricate undergrowth of legalism to the purest air of high morals. There was more than one Member at the end of his speech who felt ashamed at not having served at least one term of gaol for a political offence.

Nevertheless, compared with the historic debates on Irish representation, Monday's discussion was mild. The reason is that, as Mr. Montgomery Hyde, the Unionist Member for North Belfast, insisted, the argument for common sense in Ireland is a strong one. If the defeated Unionists in Mid-Ulster didn't want to petition for a new election, why should the Government tear off the bandages and set the wounds to bleed again? His conclusions were largely shared by Mr. Delargy, an anti-Partitionist, who foresaw in the quashing of the election a new incitement to violence.

One curious aspect of the matter has been the Government's renunciation of the empiricism which has so greatly helped to improve Anglo-Irish relations, in favour of a rigid constitutionalism. On the Labour side, distinguished lawyers like Eric Fletcher and Hector Hughes warned the Government of the trouble they were cooking up for themselves—a series of by-elections, invalidations and festering resentments. But Crookshank, the Leader of the House, appeared to view the whole thing as an inflated Point of Order.

But there may well be times when going to law doesn't pay. And the complicated case of the elected felons may require more than the flat-footed attention of the law officers and Mr. Crookshank. In Ireland, by-elections have a tendency to become livelier with each repetition; and if, as was forecast in this Debate, the electors of Mid-Ulster renew Mr. Mitchell's candidature with each disqualification, rather as a bill is renewed when it falls due and can't be paid, we may confidently assume that the Government's treatment of the Mid-Ulster question has reintroduced an excitement into Irish politics which this generation, happily, has not yet seen.

MAURICE EDELMAN

Socialism and the Welfare State

MANY of us have been saying to ourselves, these latter days, reflecting on what has happened since 1945, "The Welfare State is not Socialism: it is only a way of re-distributing *some* income without interfering with the causes of its maldistribution"; and "Nationalisation is not Socialism: it is only a change from one form of wage-slavery to another form." Yet, if neither nationalisation nor the Welfare State is Socialism, what is?

Socialism, as I have always understood it, means a classless society of comrades and, in the world as a whole, a friendly league of such societies. This implies an economic system under which the distribution of incomes is got broadly right in the first instance, and does not need to be put right by complicated and wasteful methods of re-distribution through taxation and private benevolence. It implies, too, the conduct of society's essential affairs, including production, on a basis of partnership and widely diffused responsibility that is altogether at variance with the relation embodied in the wage-contract—with what Carlyle and Ruskin used to denounce as the shame of the "cash-nexus." Socialist nationalisation would mean a system of real workers' participation in management, such as the Yugoslavs are now attempting to apply, and the Histadrut in Israel has actually applied. Socialist social services would mean a pooling of resources to meet the risks and inevitabilities of sickness, accident and old age—not mere State subsidies to schemes of insurance based mainly on regressive tax-contributions from the poorer classes.

In effect, both the Welfare State and nationalisation, as they exist at present, far from breaking away from the class-system, rest on its acceptance and seek only to render conditions under it more tolerable. In nationalised industry the worker is "consulted," but he has no power or responsibility save that which he gets from his trade union as an outside pressure group; and in the social services he remains subject to a measure of class-inferiority. His contribution, and even his direct taxes, are collected from him by his employer—a method which Hilaire Belloc used to speak of as an evident hallmark of the "Servile State"!

In effect, those of us who say that the Welfare State and nationalisation are not Socialism are entirely in the right. But it does not at all follow that there is anything positively wrong about them on this account. I can hardly find patience to answer those—and I meet quite a number of them—who refuse to admit that the position of the working classes has improved as a consequence of the advance of the social services, and indeed of nationalisation, too—to say nothing of the higher taxation imposed on the larger incomes. It is a matter of plain fact that incomes—real, spendable incomes—have been re-distributed to the advantage of the poorer groups and especially of the less skilled workers, and also that the existence of full employment has done away, for the time being, with one of the most important sources of working-class insecurity. Nor is it really arguable that the workers in the nationalised industries have not benefited by the change—above all, in the coal mines, but in the transport and public utility services as well. The State is not an ideal employer; but in terms of material conditions it cannot afford to be a bad one, by current standards, for it is exposed in this matter to greater pressure of opinion than can be brought to bear on capitalist business.

These are real and substantial achievements, which it is folly to deny or to minimise on the grounds that they "are not Socialism." They are *not* Socialism; but it would be sheer stupidity to throw them away, or not to take every possible step to pursue and to develop their advantages. This remains true whether or not it is in the long run possible for them to be pursued within the structure of capitalism. I have been taken to task for saying that I see no sign of capitalism nearing the point of final crisis at which it is destined to break down and dissolve. If I am right in not regarding the fall of capitalism as necessarily imminent, it is obviously desirable to do what can be done to improve the position of the workers under it by hurrying on as far as possible with the development of the Welfare State. But even if I am wrong, and capitalism is heading for an early collapse, the better off the workers are when the crisis comes, the stronger will they be for facing it and for advancing to the creation of a new society.

I am impelled to make this point because some Socialists have been speaking or writing as if my urging the need to establish a new movement for World Socialism meant that I was trying to draw men away from the everyday political struggle on the ground that it is not directed to the establishment of Socialism. On the contrary, I wish to urge every Socialist to be active in that struggle, but believe that activity will be more powerful and better directed if those who engage in it have a vision which extends beyond the immediate parliamentary possibilities in both time and space. I hold that the clue to getting a better Labour Party and Labour programme is to be found in the impregnation of the party's active workers with a sense of vision to transform society fundamentally, and not merely to lessen its abuses; and that in the world today this sense of vision can be assured only on an internationalist appeal. I do not believe in "Socialism in One Country"; on the contrary, I feel sure that those who seek this merely internal Socialism will find it turning, even if they succeed, into something terribly different from what they sought. Twentieth-century Socialism must be an affair of establishing the conditions for human decency and social equality in all countries, and for men and women of every colour and creed.

I want a world crusade for Socialism in order to emphasise the essentially international character of the Socialist faith—not to distract men and women from the struggle in their several countries, but to give them added energy and enthusiasm which they can transmit to others. For this reason, I try to stand aloof from quarrels within the Labour movement when they appear to turn on purely internal issues—not because I have no views on these issues, but because they seem to me to be secondary and to threaten the solidarity of the workers' movement for no sufficiently good reason. If we are to quarrel, let it be about the things that really matter; but about these we are least likely to quarrel because, in the main, our ultimate objectives are the same. We—that is, all Socialists—would like to see a classless society in a classless world of brothers. We differ only about the immediate importance we attach to working positively for such an objective, and about the amount of consideration to be given to it in everyday propaganda. The Socialists of old, before Socialism had become a party-political

force, did carry on their propaganda in this spirit, and were much more intent on making Socialists than on winning doubtful votes. They knew that every real convert to Socialism was worth, through the influence he could exert on others, quite a number of votes. But today propaganda for Socialism has become submerged in propaganda for the next steps in social reform; whereas the two should go together, each reinforcing the other. This cannot be, as long as the convinced Socialists have no effective means of meeting together, either in one country or internationally, except through parties whose first preoccupation is necessarily with getting votes rather than with arousing Socialist sentiment and enthusiasm for Socialism as a world-wide cause.

We who take this view will, however, get ourselves into bad trouble if we allow ourselves to be seduced by our zeal for Socialism into decrying the Welfare State. All round us is evidence that, in spite of the perilous condition of world affairs, there is more happiness and much less unhappiness in the world than ever before. In our own country there are many fewer undernourished and wretched people; and in the countries where standards of life are still appallingly low, there is more hope and more conscious struggle for improvement. So let us not belittle what the Labour Party here, or the Communists in Russia, have done, or dwell overmuch on the imperfections and defacements that have accompanied their achievements. On balance, they have done immense good, on both sides of the "iron curtain." What matters is what is to be done next, and how we can work together internationally in advancing beyond nationalisation and the Welfare State to the free society and the free world of our legitimate and practicable aspirations.

G. D. H. Cole

Lessons of a Coal Strike

(By a Correspondent)

After years during which the coal lost through disputes in the Yorkshire coalfield has been, in proportion to output, ten times as much as in neighbouring coalfields, the country became the poorer by a million tons as a result of the May stoppage. It was an unofficial strike, the biggest strike in the mining industry since 1926, involving at its height 90,000 miners and lasting two weeks. The public is surely entitled to a brief post-mortem, to some examination of the factors making for a strike of such seriousness.

The strike developed when the N.U.M. Branch at one colliery, Armthorpe, dissatisfied with the price lists upon which piecework wages are based, and despairing of remedy through the conciliation machinery, appealed for sympathetic action to the Doncaster Panel of the N.U.M. This consists of the representatives of the twelve pits in the Doncaster area and, meeting unofficially (for under union rules it can only be convened by the Area officials of the N.U.M.), it was responsible for the conduct of the strike. But its strength, and the largely spontaneous spread of the strike, came from the feeling general in the coalfield over grievances connected with the price lists.

In most pits in the Yorkshire coalfield, face-workers were working on price lists which, in terms of payments made per ton (mostly around 2s 6d), had not altered significantly since the increases of the war years which were consolidated in 1943. With constantly rising prices, the pressure for higher wages had largely been met by pit managements being ready to concede "allowances" for particular conditions of work or for the performance of supplementary tasks. The growth of the allowance system was unfortunate in many ways. To the men concerned the arbitrariness with which allowances were varied or withdrawn led to a crop of disputes, a general feeling of insecurity over wages for the men concerned, and a consequential worsening of industrial relations. From the side of the N.C.B. what was called the "creep" of allowances—an upward movement of some £4 million a year—was viewed with alarm, and attempts were made to check it.

The pit management, under pressure from above, would often attempt to cut out allowances which had previously been granted, and sharply limit the power of deputies to concede allowances. On the other hand, if pressed by local union officials either for improved allowances or for an improved price list, the pit manager would refer his dispute upwards to Area level. Apart from the fact that, as a result, the Pit Conciliation mechanism became heavily overloaded, and that the consequent delays led the men to lose faith in the "official" methods of dealing with matters at issue, the general conviction grew among the local union officials that the pit manager was in fact powerless (or unwilling) to deal with their grievances.

This situation could have been saved if the Divisional Board had been prepared to allow the negotiation of adequate pit price-lists generally throughout the coalfield. But this is precisely what they delayed doing. In this, they ignored repeated warnings by the President of the Yorkshire Area of the N.U.M. as to what the result would be. The most that was conceded was an "experiment" by which price-lists were advanced to 3s. a ton in eight pits in the coalfield, and even then the N.C.B. delayed the recognition of the success of this experiment. Meanwhile, up and down the coalfield the local officials found their attempts to negotiate new price lists delayed interminably, while issues in dispute were in some cases dealt with by the Conciliation machinery in years rather than weeks or months. It was only after the week's notice of strike action had been given by the Doncaster Panel that the N.C.B. conceded that the "Eight Pits Scheme" had "in general been a success," and agreed that price list revision through the existing conciliation machinery was desirable. But this Coal Board statement was cautiously worded, and in the prevailing state of distrust of the Board and of the official conciliation machinery it was not enough to deflect the men in the Doncaster pits from their determination to support Armthorpe. After the strike had been in progress for some days, and its severity was obvious, the N.C.B. put down in black and white a far more concrete agreement giving pit managers specific powers to negotiate revised price-lists, and authorising deputies to settle allowances promptly.

Such written and concrete assurances were precisely what was needed to settle the strike. Furthermore, they did not involve any breach of the established channels of negotiation and settlement. Yet there was a considerable delay before they were publicised. Indeed, all the parties concerned in the strike showed a curious casualness in their handling of this agreement. It is said that the agreement was reached at a Divisional meeting on Thursday, May 5, *i.e.*, after the strike had been in progress three days. But the letter setting out the agreement was not written until Sunday, May 8, when it was also sent to the union. It remained in the N.U.M. Area Office, its contents unknown to the miners in the coalfield until May 11. In the light of these costly delays, was the passivity of the Government Departments which might have been concerned, and which have some experience of resolving this type of situation, altogether justified?

The subsequent new price-lists mean a sharp increase in wages for the face-workers. It is not yet possible to assess from published figures how great an increase, but it appears to be in the region of £2 a week. The high cost of this settlement indicates both the substantial nature of the case which existed for new price-lists, and a welcome, if belated, attempt by the N.C.B. to make a break with the past and achieve a radical improvement in relations in the coalfield.

In retrospect, the crop of strikes in the Yorkshire coalfield culminating in the final explosion in May is largely to be attributed to unfortunate and over-rigid policies pursued by the management of the North-East Division as far as contract wages were concerned. The transfer to Yorkshire of leading personnel from neighbouring Divisions which can boast a far better record of industrial relations might help to speed the change in managerial attitudes that is needed. Clearly, too, the Board should have dealt with the grievances of the face-workers in Yorkshire before relations had become so strained that an unofficial movement could bring the coalfield out. In the spring of this year, the mounting tempo of disputes, with more, and more prolonged, strikes and in places persistent go-slow tactics, indicated that an explosion was on the way. Armthorpe's appeal was only incidental to the crisis.

To talk of the "irresponsibility" of the men who struck, and not of the irresponsibility of the management that could let this situation develop is to miss the lesson of the stoppage. There is another consideration. Whatever N.U.M. and N.C.B. leaders may say, the Yorkshire miner (be he rank-and-file, or local official) is convinced that it was his strike action that put an end to years of frustrating delay and secured him a favourable settlement. The strike weapon is not discredited in his eyes.

It is the more necessary, then, that the type of problem that can lead to disputes should be tackled. The allowance system has been the bane of Yorkshire's coalfield, and the sooner it ceases to occupy a central position in local negotiation the better. In neighbouring Divisions (indeed, on the very borders of the Yorkshire coalfield) pits operate successfully continuous mining with day-wages for the face workers replacing the contract system altogether. As a step towards that, consideration might be given to the suggestion (which has some support in the coalfield) of introducing for face-workers a guaranteed "fall-back" wage —consolidating the average tonnage payments and allowances prevailing in a particular seam for the previous period. The advantage of this would be that it offers the face-worker security as to his wage, while still leaving him an incentive in the form of higher earnings with increased output. The systems of wage payment for face-workers raise complex questions, but what is needed is a willingness to experiment, in co-operation with the Union, in introducing wage systems for face-workers less productive of disputes and more productive of coal.

Atomic Energy: The Challenge

Next week we begin an important series of articles examining the use and misuse, dangers and promises of nuclear research. Contributors will include Dr. J. Bronowski, Mr. K. E. B. Jay, of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell, and also Professor Joseph Rotblat, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital

Moscow Diary

NATIONAL Day at one of the foreign embassies in Moscow. The scene is much like that in this country when Royalty is expected. The difference is that the crowd behind the police cordon is not used to seeing the high-ups close-by in the flesh. Inside, the guests stand about, awaiting the august arrivals. They include Marshal Bulganin (looking like an Italian diplomat), Krushchev (a less polished but powerful figure), Molotov (his smile and moustache clipped with equal precision), Mikoyan (the most accessible of Soviet leaders) and Malenkov (not in any kind of disgrace, and looking exactly like a traditional mandarin with his unchanging smile and hands folded over his middle). The party, accompanied by interpreters, takes up its prepared position and exchanges toasts and greetings with its hosts; then the diplomatic corps, with foreign visitors, close in and begin to chat. At one such party, when I had just got under way with Molotov, the loud voice of an American journalist, clearly chosen for the unbrushoffableness of his personality, interrupts with: "Mr. Molotov, we" (indicating a phalanx of reporters behind him) "want to ask you a few questions." *Molotov:* "It's very hot." *The Journalist:* "What we want to know is whether it will be hot in Geneva," and then, after some more back-chat: "we've a personal question to ask. Have you any comment to make on the rumour that the Soviet Union is to have a new Foreign Secretary?" *Molotov*, imperturbable: "It is the first I have heard about it." And then, after some more fun, the journalists withdraw, with their neat little story about an interview with the Soviet Foreign Secretary. A few days later, at the party given by the Mongolian Peoples Republic, I had better luck. A most interesting discussion with Mikoyan about whether the capitalist world need have another big slump was interrupted only by the universal desire to drink his health; later I had an unimpeded talk with Marshal Zhukov.

* * *

Such social occasions were full of interest, but I attach much more importance to a meeting with a group which included some of the most distinguished men and women of letters in the U.S.S.R. I had been promised, before I left England, that there would be an opportunity of serious talk, and that, if I criticised, I should not be regarded as an enemy, or fobbed off with a traditional reply about the treatment of Negroes in America or British imperialism in Kenya or Malaya. My Soviet hosts loyally kept their part of the bargain. They showed no signs of resentment, and seemed to be in broad agreement when I talked of the fate in Eastern Europe of both Communists and non-Communists who had fought against Fascism, both in the Popular Front and in the liberation movements during the war; they understood—some of them, I think, for the first time—how it seemed to us in Britain, when the Communist Party in 1939 decided that the war was an imperialist one, and left us alone to fight against Germany, until it suddenly became a war for freedom again when Hitler attacked Russia in 1941. They did not defend the Kremlin's attitude about the Soviet brides, and I gathered from private conversations afterwards, that some, at least, of them shared my views about civil liberty, and cared passionately about the murder, as they now knew it to be, of many loyal comrades. Then it was my turn to answer questions about the Welfare State. I explain that recent strikes in England were about "differentials" and not a proof that the workers were starving; that, without a Socialist economy, the lives of agricultural labourers, for instance, are transformed when they receive £6 instead of 31s. a week. They agree to look for the exploited proletariat in the colonies.

* * *

Could not the Soviet Union nowadays, I asked, risk the publication of heresy? Certainly not, they said, if that meant that people would be allowed to read books defending capitalism. What about God? I asked. No objection at all, they said; religious newspapers are regularly published, and religious books too. Capitalism is still dangerous; God is not. On Sunday, I went to see the innumerable worshippers and pilgrims at Zagorsk. There are, I think, nine churches or cathedrals in this Holy City, and it was with great difficulty, after the service was over, that we managed to push our way into one of them. Handsome young priests were stationed in different parts of the cathedral, each with a chalice, pouring the sacrament into a succession of open mouths from the same spoon (this was the least hygienic thing I saw in the Soviet Union). It was at Zagorsk that, in the days of the "anti-God campaign," the bits of bone and paper which had been worshipped as holy relics were exposed for what they were, to the horror and disillusion of peasants who waited tremblingly for the Divine punishment of blasphemy. Nevertheless the number of worshippers is greater than ever before. When the war demanded unity, Stalin once again took the Church under his wing; the hierarchy became once again an official institution as it had been under Tsardom.

* * *

Standing in the crowd outside, we fell into conversation with a party of students. One of them, who was doing research on the agricultural economics of South-East Asia, talked excellent English. They had come, as we had, not as worshippers, but as sight-seers on a day's outing. They asked us questions because we were foreigners. Gone altogether is the fear of being seen in conversation with possible imperialist enemies. In one of the art galleries, we started talk with an old lady. She was a peasant woman, shy, and glad to introduce us to her son, who explained that, like hundreds of other young men, he was a theological student, training to be a priest. Clearly, many young men and women do not accept the philosophy of Marx, basic though it is to all Soviet education; and of the thousands who fill the churches every Sunday, there must be a large number who have slid back to religion after a Communist youth.

* * *

Stewart Alsop, who was in Moscow at the same time as I was, has probably done a useful job in the United States by telling readers of the *Herald Tribune* not to think of Moscow "as a miserable collection of mud-huts, filled with a strange and hardly human race of people," but as "a city like other big cities, with buses that run on schedule, and big buildings, and a good many automobiles, and a great many people of all sorts and kinds." But who was it, Mr. Alsop, who gave Americans this fantastic notion of the Russians? How comes it, even now, that Mr. Alsop should write an article expressing surprise that Moscow students, after the manner of British and American students, have a night of singing and dancing in the Red Square, as they do every New Year, May Day and to celebrate the end of examinations? Mr. Alsop reported, as a strange novelty, that they should dare to engage in back-chat with policemen, which suggests that he hasn't twigged the difference between the Security police, who seem to consist mainly of thugs, and the ordinary Moscow police whom you can watch answering pedestrians' inquiries just as London bobbies do.

Now that Mr. Alsop has made the great discovery that Russians are human beings, it would help if he would try to explain in precise words what liberties Soviet people are deprived of, instead of speaking as if they were the conditioned robots imagined by George Orwell. Unhappily, the Soviet Union has some horribly Orwellian characteristics. The labour camps, the pervasive propaganda, the deliberate distortion of history, the purges of independent people—all these horrors, and others, still exist. But that is only part of the story. I have been shocked to hear highly sophisticated and, on other subjects, well-informed English and American people, talk as if restrictions on personal and intellectual liberty justify them in calling the Russian people "slaves" or comparing Soviet society to an ant-heap. In fact, civil liberty, particularly intellectual liberty is the fine flower of civilisation, and its absence constitutes a grave indictment of Soviet rule. But how far that is from saying, as the *Daily Telegraph* did on July 11, that we are prepared to risk thermo-nuclear war, even though it should lead to the destruction of the human race, rather than to accept life under Communism! I am sure that the writer of this article is completely sincere; he pictures Russia as a gigantic concentration camp, and forgets political and civil liberties have to be won there, just as they must be won in Spain, and had to be fought for, not so many centuries ago, in other Western countries. The only cure I know is for the *Telegraph* leader writer to follow Mr. Stewart Alsop's footsteps to Moscow. He will find it no very extraordinary city, except in the speed of its population increase; he will notice that, so far from being in mental slavery, an astonishingly high proportion of its nearly eight million people, most of whom were the children of illiterate peasants fifty years ago, are now reading—reading in tubes and buses, in parks, and even in the streets, not novelettes and picture papers, but much of the world's great literature. If he gets his own interpreter he will hear many of them discussing the merits of the latest ballerina to dance in *Swan Lake*; the scenery in the opera and the justification for the latest interpretation of *Hamlet*. This is not a slave population; it is a remarkably educated one which, however, unhappily suffers from illusions about the outside world, deliberately induced by the State.

* * *

Russia is a shabby place, with everyone dressed and fed adequately and inelegantly. It is not restful, and everything in Moscow (except the beautifully restored and painted Kremlin) looks incomplete and run up in a hurry. The outskirts, with their giant cranes and ugly factories, look like a newly industrialised town in America. Everything expands so rapidly that there is no time, as yet, for anything to deepen. Moscow's art and architecture are predominantly Victorian, and rather bad Victorian at that. Its morals, too, are Victorian; divorce is difficult to obtain if there are children, and much frowned upon by public opinion. Young lovers walk through the trees and flowers in the Park of Culture and Rest; they hold hands, but kissing in public is rare. There is no tittilation of sex; the products advertised by the State are ice-cream, fruit juices and beer, which the authorities hope will increasingly take the place of vodka. But the Russians are kind to drunks, and those found in a vodka stupor are carried off, I'm told, by police vans, given injections, a night's sleep, food and charged 10 roubles. The shops are crowded and because there are not enough of them and people have money to spend, there are queues whenever it is known that a supply of anything but the simplest necessities has arrived

on the market. One day I met a girl carrying two bed ends, another the wire mattress, two more a couple of chairs apiece, and others were piling a bookcase on to a lorry. A supply of furniture had just arrived; the shop would be quickly emptied again. You can buy a car if you queue long enough for it. Everyone is conscious of living in a society which is being made, not one which is, as yet, in any part of it, complete.

* * *

On the way home I stayed for a night in Stockholm. The contrast with Moscow was fantastic. My friends took me out to one of the innumerable islands where one may have a house and a wood and a fresh or salt water lake all to oneself. The night was warm and still, and we bathed and ate and drank and talked. Time stood still. And the subject which my hosts chose to discuss was what should be the politics of a country where there is complete freedom and universal prosperity. Never was a country so rich and yet so little troubled by inequality. This might not be paradise, but the Swedish welfare State is, in practice, they said, not obviously susceptible to much material improvement. If Americans play poker, the British cricket and the Russians chess, —then the Swedish national sport is swimming in a calm sea. How prevent the country falling into mere selfishness and boredom? My friends, who were Social Democrats, now plan a campaign to put aside one-third of the annual increase in national wealth (which would be much the same thing as one per cent. of the total national income) to improve the standard of life in some backward territory. It seemed a good answer to a problem of which Moscow could not conceive.

CRITIC

Fair and Warmer

Over Geneva skies were blue,
Hands were shaken, and compliments flew;
Statesmen giving their point of view
Were never antagonistic.
Optimists said "This ends cold war."
Pessimists groaned "We hope no more,"
Sceptics said "We've been here before,
So let us be realistic."

"Tear down all curtains" the President cried,
"Lets look in at the other side,
Open the East-West windows wide"—
And the Russians were genial and charming.
Optimists cheered all the Heads of State,
Pessimists felt it was years too late,
Experts thought it was best to wait
Till they talked about disarming.

The Big Four promised to persevere,
And all were ready the rest to hear,
In a fresh and cordial atmosphere
Outstanding snags to tackle.
Optimists thought much would be done,
Pessimists pinned their faith to none,
Sceptics argued "They've not begun,
Just wait till they cut the cackle.

"Russia's Europe Security pact
Western Powers does not attract,
While Washington, with a lack of tact,
Keeps Russians out of Nato;
Communist tactics the free world shock,
Satellites are a stumbling-block,
Talks may split on the German rock,
And Bonn is a hot potato."

Optimists' hopes refuse to drop,
Pessimists see a certain flop,
Sceptics watching the men on top
Remark that cracks are showing.
But the open-minded must all agree
That after Geneva it will be
A harder task for diplomacy
To keep the cold war going.

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

We have had a very nasty tragedy at Ascot, and the verdict is: An act of God.

But it need not have happened. Had there not been strikes the Royal Ascot meeting would never have been postponed.—Letter in *Brighton Evening Argus*. (C. Laker.)

I used not to believe in the theory of reincarnation, but our little cat has convinced me that he had some former life as a human being. I think he must have been a banker, businessman or miser, for only money makes him really happy. Give him half a crown—anything less he despises—and he will play and purr for hours.—Letter in *Reveille*. (M. B. Nicholas.)

There are strong indications that political advisers to the Royal Family have decided that neither the Queen nor Princess Margaret should be associated with atomic energy in any way because it is too "controversial."—*Daily Express*. (A. Fisher.)

A 16-year-old girl before Wimbledon Juvenile Court yesterday, alleged to be beyond her father's control, told the magistrates:

"I would like a job in a music shop so that I could play the records of Frankie Laine and Johnnie Ray. Their singing makes me go cold. I love it so much."—*News Chronicle*. (A. Finesilver.)

John Citizen

FEW subjects delight "the English" so much as the discussion of their character. To hear one of us describe a piece of behaviour as "typically English" is to be present at our transit into the nirvana of self-love. It is hard to know whether our tolerance of foreign criticism is a form of smugness or whether we are simply glad to be saved the trouble of self-criticism for which, in any case, we have little aptitude. To some extent our interest in the mystery of the English character is a literary pleasure of the educated middle classes alone; it may not be so pleasurable when it is taken out of literature into sociology. And the sociologists *are* getting to work on us. We are beginning to wonder how social change has affected us. It is noticeable, for example, that after the very "un-English" period of self-criticism which lasted from 1918 to 1940, we have returned to a new, sunny level of self-congratulation and are basking in our reputation for fortitude, our passion for justice, and in the gentleness of our civilisation; yet, as we preen ourselves, we are pecked at by those who tell us that everything has to be paid for. At what cost has the cruel, blustering, aggressive world-ruling figure called John Bull been turned into the enlightened figure of John Citizen?

I take the question from Mr. Geoffrey Gorer's ingenious and very elaborate anthropological inquiry* into the opinions and behaviour preponderant in English life today. What has happened to the violent aggression of the 18th century? The uproarious, lawless man of that time has now, Mr. Gorer discovers, turned into a man whose aim seems to be the just, unruffled policeman of his society and of himself. Has the aggression been driven underground, by exhausting discipline, into perpetual anxiety and an atmosphere of small illnesses, dissatisfactions and complaints? Have we become the bears we used to bait? Has our genius for self-mastery turned us into a society of shy and lonely people? I am not sure how dramatic Mr. Gorer thinks the change really is; for, as he knows, the domesticating and aggressive tendencies were equally strong at the birth of our contemporary civilisation in the 18th century; they are observable clearly in Smollett who was a hypochondriac, albeit a Scotsman. Perhaps it is simply that the constant elements have been re-arranged.

Mr. Gorer's inquiry proceeded by questionnaire and, if by now we have a public who can always produce a question-answering persona or put on the whited-sepulchre expression required for public purposes, Mr. Gorer is cunning at setting traps. He feared that English reserve, love of privacy, the dislike—outside of the upper classes—of talking about sex, and the deep hatred of snooping would stifle his inquiry at the outset. Nothing of the sort happened. Volunteers rushed to the lay confessional and 10,000 readers of *The People*, under whose auspices the inquiry was conducted, were eager to say what they thought of home life, children, love marriage, sex, religion and law and order. They were not asked what they thought of art, sport, intellectual activity, adventure, work or anything (outside of religion) relating to their inner selves; and as Mr. Gorer says, some groups, especially the top and very influential 11 per cent. in the economic scale, were seriously under-represented. There is, as one examines the statistical tables of the sixty-three shilling edition of this work, a notable increase in liberality of opinion and behaviour as the income increases, if also a loosening of the family hold and of the fixed ties with a geographical community. The readers of *The People* cannot be said to be more than fractionally representative. One must allow, in the midst of striking material from life, for a sickly dose of popular *idées reçues*.

No one can doubt the honesty of the respondents, though one may question their introspection. I find it hard to believe, as Mr. Gorer does not, that what people say they believe shows how they act. We are not born observers of ourselves. We are prone to social humbug: some of our aggression has gone there. We love, like Mr. Pecksniff, to dress life up morally. Whether we believe or do not believe in pre-marital intercourse, for example, we may have practised it; we may have regretted we have practised it; we may approve of it for ourselves but disapprove of it for others; we probably change our opinion at different times of our lives. We may not think it a matter of disapproval or approval. It is the question that has forced an answer. I have not Mr. Gorer's faith in the consistency of opinion. I would have said that human beings are story-tellers not truth-tellers—I mean that we live by making up changing stories about ourselves. And again, as I have said, there is hypocrisy. Mr. Gorer gives us a good example of it when he says that none of his subjects accused themselves of envy; yet envy has been a potent social force in the revolutions of the last 50 years. "Keeping up with the Joneses" is regarded as neither pride, envy nor snobbery, but has become so conveniently, even rightly disguised as the passion for social justice as to have become itself morally invisible.

These general criticisms do not take away from the extraordinary interest of Mr. Gorer's material. It is too vast to summarise but I shall pick out some generalities. The English, he says, are by far the most urban people in the world yet they see England as a rural country. (Quite properly: we are herded into towns and cities surrounded by huge stretches of empty countryside still.)

Unlike the Americans, we tend to stay in the

* *Exploring English Character*. By GEOFFREY GORER. *Cresset Press*. 30*s*. & 63*s*. with statistical tables.

same house most of our lives, and we tend—except in the middle class—to live near our kith and kin. We are more neighbourly in the North than in the South, where there is a good deal of loneliness; but in general we prefer to keep ourselves to ourselves, except at the top and bottom of the economic scale. The top and the bottom resemble each other in many beliefs and practices. Class is mainly a matter for humorous acceptance; few people feel violently about it. Habitués of the public house turn out to be the least class-conscious of all. "They seem confused about their class": one of Mr. Gorer's very few jokes. One fifth of the population—it astonished me to read—visit dance halls, and it is these people who loudly voice the main English complaints which are against nagging, inquisitiveness, snooping, gossip and noise. One half of the population consider themselves exceptionally shy and shyness is an inverted aspect of the aggression which we continually struggle with. Shyness declines as people rise in the social scale. Mr. Gorer's figures show that people mature emotionally earlier in the middle classes and the big towns. In sexual morality, it turns out that the Midlands are more "permissive" or generous than any part of the country. The majority prefer sexual innocence before marriage; sudden marriages are not thought well of; people marry for love, but put the domestic virtues and character far above the romantic attractions. Sexual happiness is considered of great importance in marriage; nearly half the married have had a love affair other than in marriage, but few think of love as in itself a delight of the soul. They regard these affairs as unimportant. We like our emotions to be institutionalised and domestic. Sexual morality is less rigid at the bottom of the social scale, and becomes more liberal after the £12 a week line. In infidelity, violent or drastic measures are rarely advised: "talk it over"; "understanding" is the advice of the majority. The worst evils in marriage are nagging, irritability, selfishness and lack of intelligence, not lack of passionate love. As for the two children of the "average couple," they are the most trained in the world. Their pleasures are conditional, and although we are vehemently against severe corporal punishment, we still believe they should get more discipline!

What a temperate, respectable, good lot of people we are! Kind, philistine, considerate, the enemies of anger, the slaves of conscience and distant cordiality. Our ideal man is the policeman. We police ourselves and a quarter of the population does this without the aid of religious belief. (One had thought irreligion was greater than this.) Another quarter hold a view of the universe which is fundamentally magical—this may account for the revival of belief in religions which put more stress on ritual than on ethics. If we are tested on the deadly sins, it appears that gluttony, avarice or lust (outside of marriage) are low, but pride and sloth are great sins in the rude, snobbish, lazy manifestations of our character. We hate open anger most of all, but it re-emerges in irritability, nagging, bossiness and obstinacy and accounts for the sour or truculent independence which we are often praised and blamed for. Our prudence—the admired Victorian virtue—is declining; our fortitude and our passion for justice seem to increase. We live stoically—without faith or hope.

But what has happened to our aggression? Mr. Gorer suggests that we spend so much of our energy in repressing aggression that we have little left over for other activities. This could account for English slowness and laziness, and the view "that too little interest in sex is the major peril to contemporary English marriages." (This contradicts, surely, the stress put on sexual happiness in the answers of the married in the questionnaire.) I think that Mr. Gorer's report grossly underestimates English sexuality but we cannot prove this and the English, on the whole, do not talk about it. Our self-control is mutilating; we find relief in humour and grumbling and in the anger-soothing business of cultivating our gardens. The gardens of England are the alternatives to riot. Another relief, I suggest to Mr. Gorer, is a most important and fertilising activity: it is day dreaming. Mediterranean people are always astonished by this proclivity in us. It is the resort of the morally exhausted.

The Englishman Mr. Gorer has portrayed is all conscience and no imagination. Mr. Gorer thinks the strict conscience is a relatively new historical development as far as the mass of the population is concerned. This conclusion may suggest a high degree of civilisation. I find it not altogether encouraging. It is certainly discouraging to artists. I take heart from the belief that there is a difference between question-answering, sociological man and individual human beings and from the fact that Mr. Gorer is not dogmatic. He is tentative and a guesser. But, if it is true that conscience is being imposed like cement upon social regions once molten, free and fertile in energy and *élan*, then John Citizen may be nicer than John Bull but he will not be much of a creative or important force in the world any more. He will be simply an international statue.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Anatol's Ransom

As we waited sleepily for the breakfast-car to be hitched on at Passau, the *wagon lit* attendant—Bruxellois and a little soured by the (to him) indefensible preference of the generous rich for air travel—assured me gloomily that I should find Vienna much changed, and for the worse. He was right—and wrong. Re-visiting the glimpses of the Austrian moon for the first time since the war, I found the city wearing a slightly shabby, still battered look. Repairs to the Opera House are not yet finished, the beloved Pummerin bell has not yet been rehung in St. Stephen's steeple, from which shells fired by a retreating S.S. division brought it crashing down; and there are many irremediable gaps in Am Hof and other lovely baroque squares, for which a brand-new railway station, modelled on Rome's, is scant consolation. None the less, Vienna is once again a smiling city; in a couple of years she will be nearly herself again.

Nearly, but perhaps not quite. In their rebuilding, the Austrians have mercifully done their best to avoid the vulgarity which has defaced the "miracle" of Western Germany's rebirth and turned Munich and Cologne into a horrid blend of the Tottenham Court Road and a mid-Western small town's Main Street. Yet I wondered if Schnitzler's Anatol—that *gemütlich* philanderer of a generation ago—would feel quite at home in the "liberated" Vienna of today. There are still his *süsse mäderln* abroad in Graben and the Kärntnerstrasse; the Viennese have still the best manners in Europe; of an evening, in Grinzing, the "Heurige" gardens still throb to tsigane airs; the old charm—"*Wien, Wien nur Du allein*"—has survived war and occupation. Yet something, I felt, has evaporated.

Not the cynical flippancy. The Post Hotel in Aflenz still boasts a beam on which is carved "Treat men honestly, do what is right—You'll end, my son, in a mucky plight"; and a business friend, who assured me that *Gemütlichkeit* was Austria's best export industry, added that he could not support life under Chancellor Raab if bureaucratic tyranny were not made tolerable by corruption! Nor do I mean merely that, in Vienna, the historic *Fiaker* is all but extinct and the ears assailed everywhere by unsilenced Vespas, or that the typical pre-war café has given place to the stream-lined Espresso. Vienna remains a civilised, leisurely city: shopping, business negotiations are as delightfully polite and unhurried as ever; and there is still always time for a "break" and a *kleine Jause* at Demel's. What I detected—and Anatol might have deplored—was an unwonted sense of serious purpose behind the façade of *douceur*. After fifteen bitter years, "free" Austria today is conscious, as never before, of nationhood, and is ready to work hard to "make a go of it." Herr Raab's trains are as punctual as Mussolini's.

It is, in the circumstances, *pace* Anatol, a salutary frame of mind. To begin with—apart from the impending cost of Defence—liberated Anatol has to pay his ransom under the State Treaty. For the Zistersdorf oilfields, refineries, trucks and petrol stations, 10m. tons of crude oil (say, one-third of the total output) must be delivered to Russia over the next ten years; and, by 1961, goods to the value of 150m. U.S. dollars must be despatched to the U.S.S.R. in payment for the ex-German enterprises in the Russian zone now administered by U.S.I.A. As Austria will now lose both the $40m. a year which she has received for occupation costs, and the foreign exchange provided by the substantial purchases of local currency by G.I.s, the Republic's balance of payments may be a slight headache for Reinhard Kamitz, the energetic and (by all accounts) resourceful Federal Minister of Finance. Indeed, imports have recently been showing an awkward inclination to rise considerably more than exports.

By this I do not mean to imply that the State Treaty was, for Austria, a harsh bargain, or that the economic outlook is dark. Austrian politicians are never slow to complain of wrongs; and I heard many complaints that the U.S.I.A. factories, when handed over, would be found to be in a delapidated condition; that they had been tooled-up to serve exclusively the Eastern market; that their current production costs were uneconomic; and that immense capital investment would be required to make them internationally competitive. In my belief, these complaints should be heavily discounted. I am no engineer; but senior workers from U.S.I.A. factories to whom I talked gave me the clear impression that U.S.I.A. had done a decent job in the way of post-war reconstruction and maintenance. No doubt, capital investment in the Western zones since 1945 has been higher; after all, over $1,500m. of U.S. aid was pumped into Austria since the war, whereas U.S.I.A. was always short of local currency, and had to open a network of retail shops in order to obtain cash for its wage-bills. It is likely enough, too, that some re-tooling in the enterprises will be necessary if their products are to be sold successfully in Western markets. Nevertheless, I was informed by an Austrian economist, whose judgment I respect, that the value of the U.S.I.A. factories and land is at least twice the sum to be paid for them over the next six years.

As for the oil, the Russians (naturally enough) have stepped up production to the limit, and "free" Austria will probably have to scale the present annual output of 3½m. tons of crude down to 3m. tons. But I could find no evidence that the Soviet authorities have damaged the field by over-production, and they have certainly installed

G.E.C. AND THE CHANGING WORLD 1

BRITAIN'S NEW RAILWAYS

THE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE is doomed to become a thing of the past: the age of the all-electric railway has already begun! That is the major decision in the British Transport Commission's £1,200 million 15-year development plan for British Railways. And in this plan G.E.C. is playing a premier part.

It was 24 years ago that G.E.C. equipped the first electric passenger trains in Great Britain to operate on a 1500 volt overhead system which later was recommended as the future standard. Already G.E.C. has been given a contract to manufacture the traction equipment for electric trains operating from the 1500 volt overhead system on the new Chelmsford and Southend extensions.

That this great Company was chosen to effect that first contract was no gift of fickle fortune. Nor is it by chance that it is now so closely integrated with the vast financial scheme that will soon accelerate the travelling of a whole nation.

Only a company so large and experienced has that overall understanding of the problems involved in such an undertaking. The General Electric Company Limited has garnered this understanding from experience in schemes the world over. Experience in so many things — e.g. the generating stations to create the motive power; the sub-stations to feed the power to the trains; remote controls to make the system safer and simpler; the overhead lines from which the trains collect the power; complete signalling equipment; and motors and controls on the trains themselves. Long experience, too, in the manufacture and installation of underground cables, public address systems, kitchen car equipment, heating and lighting for the comfort of passengers, and the illumination and telephone systems in marshalling yards and stations.

With all this experience and a staff great in talent, the G.E.C. is ready NOW to play a major part in building the 100 m.p.h. railways of tomorrow.

G.E.C.

THE LARGEST BRITISH ELECTRICAL MANUFACTURING ORGANISATION

The General Electric Co. Ltd, Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2

much valuable plant. Indeed, a figure nearly five times that of the market value of the "ransom" deliveries of oil was given me as representing the true, current worth of O.R.O.P.'s total assets.

When account is taken of all the costly barracks and other installations which the Americans will leave behind them, Austria is not doing badly out of liberation. With her current industrial production twice as high as in 1938, her immense resources in timber, minerals and water-power, her prosperous agriculture (capable in the Burgenland of great development in productivity) and her flourishing tourist traffic, Austria should "get by" very well. Indeed, a hard-headed Communist friend, who had no love either for Herr Raab's free enterprise or for Vice-Chancellor Schaerf's brand of Social-Democracy, said to me—a little ruefully, I thought—"the blessed country is potentially so rich that even those bastards in the Government can't fail to make a success of it."

Let us concede prejudice in this jaundiced view of the Government. True, one does not need much time in Austria to discover that a Conservative - Socialist coalition, so evenly balanced that a swing of two seats would mean a change of Chancellor, is God's gift to pressure groups and patronage-hunters. But there are able men in the administration; and in the monolithic structure of this essentially "Centralist" coalition there is, for the foreign investor (who will probably be invited to participate in some, at least, of the U.S.I.A. enterprises) a reassuring stability. The Communists are a "ginger-group" no more; given present full employment, industrial labour is not discontented—though wages are on the low side—or inclined to strike.

Politically, of course, there are some bones of contention. The proposed new army is a controversial issue: except for the very young, Austrians have had their bellyful of militarism. Conscription for more than a "basic training" period of six months would be intensely unpopular; and most people of all classes to whom I talked seemed to hope for a Swiss-pattern army —with the addition of plenty of bands! A Neo-Fascist revival? The danger is no more substantial than the Monarchist movement. At the pilgrimage church of Mariazell, an old lady selling souvenirs told me that she prayed every night that the Habsburgs might return, and I dare say her prayers are echoed in Catholic villages in the Tyrol. But Austria is an opportunist country: "gone is gone". She has adapted her life to a republican structure, and Vienna, I think, will never again see more of the Habsburg dynasty than the tombs of its members who sleep in the vault of the unpretentious Kapuchiner Kirche on the Neuer Markt.

AYLMER VALLANCE

An Eightieth Birthday

"To be old," Jung has written, "is extremely unpopular." He himself reaches the age of eighty on July 26, but he has never been so popular as he is now. Even his own country, once so reluctant to admit his greatness, now honours him as its most famous citizen. The bitterness of the Freudians (except perhaps in the United States) has been mollified. In England (but this is very English) they have celebrated the present occasion by playing cricket with a Jungian eleven (the team of Jungians won). His Collected Works are appearing in German and English. The English edition will run to at least eighteen volumes—how many more still depends on Jung, for in this eightieth year a new and important work will be published in Zurich. His mind has never been more active, though he would be the first to admit that the mind of an old man has characteristics which are not those of the mind of a young man.

"It is generally forgotten that not to be able to grow old is just as ridiculous as to be unable to outgrow childhood." Jung has known how to grow old, and he has also said that "a human being would certainly not grow to be seventy or eighty years old if this longevity had no meaning for the species to which he belongs. The afternoon of human life must also have a significance of its own and cannot be merely a pitiful appendage to life's morning. . . . Whoever carries over into the afternoon the law of the morning—that is, the aims of nature—must pay for so doing with damage to his soul just as surely as a growing youth who tries to salvage his childish egoism must pay for this mistake with social failure."

Jung has grown old with all the grace and resignation of Browning's Rabbi, but without Ben Ezra's optimism. He has been especially a psychologist of human development, and sees man's salvation, not in politics or economics, not even in religion (though religion may be a personal necessity), but in a process which he has called *individuation*, which is perhaps another name for self-realisation. This process involves the reconciliation of inner and outer impulses, of the psyche and its environment, of man and society. Though each man must save himself by achieving a wholeness of personality, he can only do this as a member of a group. "I cannot love anyone if I hate myself"—that is one of Jung's profoundest beliefs, and though he has called his psychology individual psychology, the implication is that it is also a social psychology.

This is not an occasion to expound Jung's psychology, nor even the general philosophy of life to which it has led. That has been done by others who are more competent in this field, and in any case there is no excuse for not going to the fountain-head, for Jung is accessible to the lay mind. There are writings of his which are far too technical for general reading, but there are many essays and indeed whole books which present no obstacles to the general reader, once half-a-dozen basic terms are clearly understood. In fact, the tribute which I wish to pay to Jung on this occasion is a literary one. I have been told that his literary style has its peculiarities—peculiarities not to be appreciated by anyone not perfectly familiar with the German language. But whether in German or in English, in reading Jung I experience a sense of vitality that few scientific writers (or writers of any kind for that matter) can command.

Some of the concepts he deals with are extremely evasive (the "archetype" is a case in point), and it may not have been always possible to convey an intuition with absolute clarity (language, in these regions which are Holy Land, is a limited instrument of expression). But when one surveys the immense corpus of his writings one can only wonder at the power and eloquence of a mind that can command so much detail and so much comprehending theory, hold it all in systematic unity, and bring it all into the focus of a single imaginative vision. For a vision it is. Jung's scientific hypotheses may be subject to revision and correction at the hands of future scientists, but his work as a whole will live on because, like the work of the great humanists such as Erasmus or Spinoza whom he so much resembles, it expresses a profound knowledge of the world and of mankind in language that is clear and persuasive.

It does more than this. Though Jung, like Freud, has taken a steady look at the burden of evil within us, nevertheless he leaves the soul poised *between* good and evil ("suspended in a moral suffering equivalent to veritable crucifixion"). From this very state of suspense rises all creativeness in the realm of the spirit, every advance in human kindness. Many of Jung's conclusions have the familiar ring of religious experience, of mystical intuition. But they have been reached across the rough road of empirical experience, in the consulting-room that is a confessional, in the mental hospital that is a real hell. It is this worldly origin that gives them their spiritual authority.

HERBERT READ

Faith and Reason

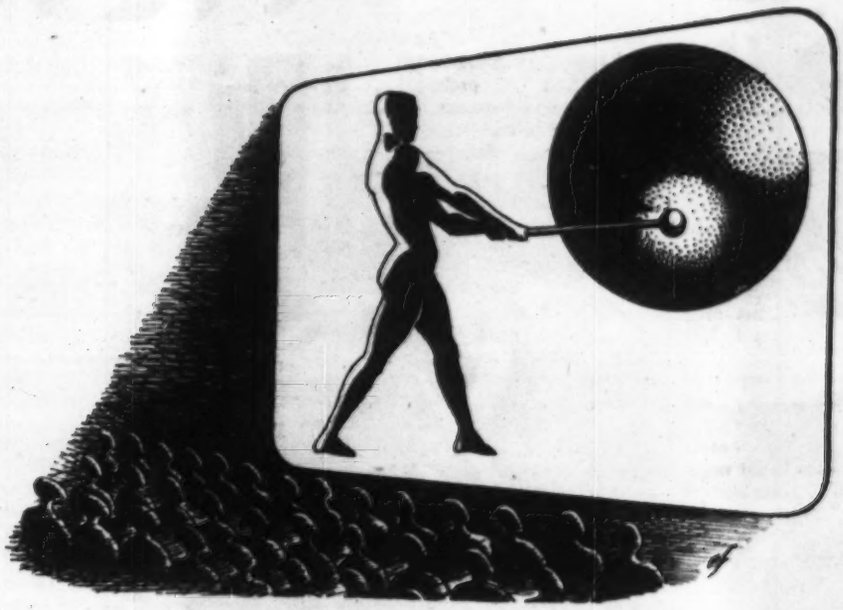
[The writer of the following defence of agnosticism is a biologist. His essay was one of four which shared the second prize of £200 in our recent competition.]

RELIGIOUS faith, as it is encountered in practice, involves attitudes of at least two kinds—ethical and mystical. More often than not they are confused, but among sophisticated believers there is generally to be found a clear distinction between the appreciation of what is right and what is wrong, and the mystical perception of a relation between the individual and the cosmos at large, or a specific spiritual being in particular. The agnostic standpoint is essentially a rejection of the mystique, and a partial retention of the ethic.

Although many agnostics claim that they reject the specifically religious ethic of their culture, obviously they cannot really do so. Even in a culture which is in the process of disintegration, it must enter so closely into the lives and upbringing of its members that its total dismissal, and partial reconstitution from non-traditional data, would demand a well-nigh impossible achievement of selfconsciousness. In fact, the ethic of the agnostic is largely inherited from the religious systems which mediated his moral upbringing, and which he received either in the form of deliberately imparted religious dogma, or at second or third hand therefrom, without, possibly, any overt religious content at all. In my own case, that influence was Church of England Christianity. One of the points which Christians raise in discussion is the fate of agnostic morality when this traditional fund of values has been dissipated, and I shall return to this later.

First, however, I must consider the matter of mystique, since it concerns the hard core of religion far more fundamentally than ethical considerations. It is inevitably implicated in any system of beliefs achieved through faith alone; and whereas ethical constructs can be erected on the basis of rationalisations, mystical ones cannot.

The rejection of faith (as that term is commonly used), is in no way a reasonable procedure; people in the first instance either experience belief in a given metaphysical proposition, or they do not. That such a proposition cannot be verified, and hence in the positivistic view is meaningless, does not alter the more fundamental human reaction to it—belief or unbelief, or (if the statement bears a sufficiently profound relation to our aspirations, and we accept the distinction) faith, or its absence. If we were to agree with the theologians' attitude to faith, however, the latter would not leave reason as the only alternative. In the theologians' terms, the title of this essay would be a false disjunction, since by



The Man-with-the-Gong is a Symbol...

... of every aim and every achievement of the J. Arthur Rank Organisation. It means that we welcome the opportunity which exists in Britain to adventure into commerce—with a target whose attainment must be good for the country and good for all whose interests or whose work is with the Organisation.

The man-with-the-gong symbolises our plans to offer the finest in screen entertainment; to promote British pictures to match the best that other countries have to offer; to give to millions of people overseas the opportunity to see our films and so learn something of British living, British thought, British character—and British goods.

To accomplish this two-fold purpose we have built up a British film enterprise which produces, distributes and exhibits a major programme of first feature films every year : a film enterprise which operates world-wide, helping to draw the free nations nearer to Britain and strengthening the ties between Britain and the Commonwealth.

The man-with-the-gong is a symbol of our determination to keep abreast of the times—both in thought and in technical developments.

We are proud to have been pioneers in many fields of production, distribution, exhibition and the manufacture of components (from cinema seats to electronic equipment for cinema television) designed to serve the needs of the British Film Industry.

The man-with-the-gong is a guarantee of first-class entertainment. He represents progress in the British Film Industry. He symbolises our confidence in the present and our faith in the future.

The J. Arthur Rank Organisation includes :

Some 550 Odeon and Gaumont cinemas.

Pinewood Studios . . . *producing an annual programme of 15 British feature films.*

Denham Laboratories . . . *processing 700 miles of film a week.*

J. Arthur Rank Film Distributors . . . *with an unrivalled service to domestic exhibitors and thus to cinemagoers.*

J. Arthur Rank Overseas Film Distributors . . . *taking British films to the cinemagoers of the world.*

J. Arthur Rank Screen Services . . . *covers screen advertising, documentary films, television advertising and television programmes.*

Gaumont-British and Universal Newsreels . . . *bringing up-to-the-minute screen reports on current events to filmgoers at home and abroad.*

British Optical & Precision Engineers . . . *manufacturing a key range of cinematograph equipment and allied products.*

Cinema-Television . . . *producing television equipment, scientific and industrial electronic equipment and vacuum devices.*

Bush Radio . . . *making the renowned Bush radio and television sets.*

THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

This man is NEWS

A West African member of the Cable and Wireless staff at Accra feeds 'telegraph slip' into an automatic transmitter. At this stage, the message on the 'slip' or paper tape appears in the form of perforated holes which, by their position, represent the dots and dashes of the morse code. The Automatic Transmitter 'feels' the holes and converts them into electrical impulses before sending them on their way by cable or wireless.

Cable and Wireless Ltd. owns a world-wide network of 150,000 miles of submarine cable and maintains it with a fleet of 8 Cableships stationed at strategic points throughout the world. It also owns and maintains wireless relay stations on the Commonwealth trunk routes, operates the overseas telegraph services of most of the Colonial Territories and the cable services in various other countries throughout the world.

This great organisation, although it does not operate Overseas Telegraph Communications in this country, is none the less at your service day and night. The simple act of passing a cable form across a post office counter or 'phoning a message from your home or office to 'Overseas Telegrams' sets it working for you. Cabling is very easy, very swift, very sure and costs much less than you'd expect.

CABLE & WIRELESS LIMITED

ELECTRA HOUSE, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON, W.C.2

CW3-249

assuming that faith is the decisive act in a mental process which mediates a relation between mankind and a non-physical world, he distinguishes it from mere emotion. Faith may cause a savage to bury his first-born alive, but it is revulsion rather than reason which impels me to argue with him.

I make this point because I wish to emphasise that I did not in the first place reject faith on purely rational grounds, but because it was a state which I was no longer capable of enjoying. My dismissal of faith conceived as a separate compartment of human experience, which will follow, is in the nature of a rationalisation after the event. Nevertheless, it would be impossible to remain an agnostic if the reasons adduced against that position would stand up to rigorous examination. I contend that they do not.

Arguments in support of faith are commonly of three kinds, which, rather arbitrarily, may be classified as arguments from philosophical standpoints, arguments from experience, and arguments of expediency. The last, to judge from a recent controversy, would appear to be largely the property of the national press, and high dignitaries of the Church.

I do not wish to say anything in detail about the philosophical arguments. It is, for this purpose, sufficient to suggest that I agree with the rejection of Cartesian dualism, as argued recently, for example, by Professor Ryle (who stigmatised it, accurately enough, as the Official View of Human Nature), and, that in so far as I am competent to judge, I am in agreement with the logical positivists' rejection of metaphysical thought.

Arguments from experience, however, are much less easy to counter, if only because their proponents usually claim that reason is an inappropriate weapon with which to examine them. It is proposed that faith is a unique class of experience, and that the only appropriate tool for its examination is something of the same kind. Faith, though, is not a critical instrument, and cannot be used in its own analysis. So, in effect, the man who uses this argument ensures the security of his proposition by fixing the rules governing its scrutiny. Whatever the purely formal validity of this procedure, it has some curious consequences. Different people, in different cultures, or even in the same culture, have faith in widely separate beliefs. The intimations of a non-physical world reaching an Anglo-Catholic, a Hindu, a Seventh Day Adventist, and a Mohave Indian must be very distinct from one another. And faith is supposed to be more than a mere intuition, passively accepted; it is held to be a most definite conviction. A criticism made by Christian orthodoxy of rival evangelical sects is that the intimations of divine will received by their members are deceptive, are in fact no more than irrelevant derivations from the subconscious mind. Yet few instructions are to be found to help the faithful distinguish between true guidance and the waste-products of their psychological machinery.

It is possible that at least one person now reading this article will, in the space of the next twenty-five years, kill and dismember his wife, secretly, and at night, on the basis of a conviction which will be as patently irrational as it will be unrelated to any respectable metaphysical hypothesis. We may be inclined to ask whether there is any fundamental difference between pathological conviction of this kind, and those involved in an act of faith, other than in the acceptability of their outcome. And if the acceptable, or sane, intimations are at variance with one another, which are we supposed to trust? They cannot all be true, and to claim that each represents some partial aspect of a divine or cosmic truth seems scarcely satisfactory; few financiers would care to invest their money on such flimsy guarantees, and how much more careful should we not be of those spiritual faculties which we are considered to possess.

As I have indicated, I regard the belief in the existence of such faculties as a monstrous artefact. But that does not dispose of the problem. People have such experiences. They do not invent them in order to convince others like myself. And agnostic scientists probably experience them as much as anyone else; they are merely more suspicious of them. They notice that their greatest frequency and intensity often coincides with the stresses of puberty, and that without the benefit of a prefabricated dogma they can lead to little more than a woolly pantheism. Those for whom mystical states are a commonplace even claim that they are essentially indescribable. There is nothing particularly surprising about this, nor is it evidence that such states are special in the sense that theologians would have us believe. They bear little direct relation to the world of perceptual experience, and a knowledge of them does not help in the achievement of our external needs.

There may have been little to promote a selection pressure sufficient to produce an evolution of verbal patterns adequate for their description. If, however, man is both a religious and a rationalising animal, whose rituals have in the past served a recognisable biological function, a certain vagueness as to detail might well be an advantage! It is difficult to investigate mysticism precisely, just because of this lack of a channel of communication. The great mystics, like the great perverts, are isolated from us by their abnormalities; we can observe their behaviour, but we cannot share their pleasures. The comparison may seem a curious blasphemy, but the extremes of mysticism are probably no more common in human behaviour than sadism, and it is perhaps interesting that in the Dark Ages, and at other periods in history, they seem to have attained a bizarre *rapprochement*.

It might, then, appear that I have fallen into the pit of expediency myself. To claim that a pattern of behaviour is of selective advantage in the biologist's sense might be to plead for its retention. *Convenit esse deos, et ergo esse credemus;* the plea repeatedly made as a last resort by Christians faced with the onslaught of rationalism. That, at any rate, is the least charitable interpretation of the continual exhortation to scientists to bolster up faith and society by professing pietism. Alas, science is not concerned with uplift, only with ascertainable facts, and scientists who seek ideological security through their profession tend to become marxists or psychoanalysts. Human beings cannot be forced to subscribe to particular beliefs simply by telling them that it would be a good thing if they were to do so. They can be corrupted into accepting doctrines of almost any degree of inconsistency, if these are presented with all the resources of the modern propaganda machine. Those of us who are still relatively free, and have had ample opportunity to watch such operations from a ringside seat, would hardly be disposed to recommend them. Nor is there any direct evidence that a decline in religion is a primary cause of delinquency; it would seem far more probable that, like gross delinquency itself, it is a symptom of the cultural disease which accompanies the rise of an industrial civilisation.

[At this point, Mr. Blest proceeds to examine, and reject, the attitude of the Victorian materialists: the Principle of Uncertainty, he holds, traverses their conviction that all things are ultimately determinable and that civilisation must progress.]

As for progress, Bertrand Russell—not, I understand, noted for his support of faith in any form—has remarked that a belief in cosmic progress could only be entertained by the most hopelessly parochial mind, and even if we do descend to the parish pump and examine our immediate environment, it is difficult to conclude that the blessings of civilisation and science are wholly unmixed. There is, in the loose sense, a problem of evil, and material progress does not seem to have diminished it. If I do not care to join those pessimists who claim that it has been augmented, it is because I do not see how it can be measured by the sheer mass of persons involved, or by the folly of those who rule them.

We are left with two basic problems. If we deny faith and progress, will there be anything left worth living for? If we reject mystical knowledge and an absolute scale of values, can we achieve a moral order? The first problem is definitely illusory. I suspect that a combination of the appropriate genetic endowment and, say, a nasty governess, may predispose an individual to misery in later life, but there is no evidence that an absence of faith is *per se* an incitement to despair. The second problem is of more importance, and it probably cannot be considered from an agnostic position without a descent in a slough of tautologies. As this is also true of the arguments of the faithful, I will not attempt to justify myself here *in extenso*.

Primitive tribal religion tended to assure the stability of society, though not always the welfare of its members as individuals. While the religious structure of a primitive society can be said to represent a statement of the ideals of

This week in
The Listener

The Psychology of Strikes
T. T. PATERSON

Japan's Foreign Policy
IAN MCDOUGALL

The Policy of Friedrich von Holstein
A. J. P. TAYLOR

The Survival of the Goncourts
ROBERT BALDICK

The Liberal Muse
A. G. LEHMANN
(First of three talks)

Self-government in the Commonwealth
SIR IVOR JENNINGS
(Second of eight talks)

——And other recent broadcast talks——

A BBC Publication
EVERY THURSDAY 4d.

the community as a whole, the behaviour of its individual members is often very much at variance with the openly expressed code. The theologian may be tempted to regard primitive religion as a realisation, with varying degrees of success, of something in the nature of a platonic ideal of moral conduct, and the individual vagaries as a disturbing indication of human frailty. There is a certain truth in such a view; tribal religion would appear to select particular features of human behaviour, and build them into complex patterns of social adjustment. With the emancipation of human societies from tribalism, religion has become increasingly separated from the administration of public morality, and it is doubtful if in our own it has more than a tenuous connection with the average citizen's actions.

Such a dissociation has made possible the higher, idealistic religions, but it is noteworthy that they tend to share the aspirations that many of us feel, intuitively to be most valuable, and that these are not dependent upon the dogmatic assertions private to each creed. The majority of them are incorporated in Buddhism, for example, which is not a religion at all, but a philosophy. I am not therefore convinced that we are in reality faced with a dilemma. It might be argued that religion is a vital prop to society, and no more, and that once this is realised, we can no longer practice it, and must thereby destroy ourselves. I do not myself believe that it is any way vital to a large industrial civilisation, though I would not care to deny its possible value as a means of self-realisation or personal adjustment to some individuals. Most of its functions have been taken over by self-conscious legal processes, and, if we wish to ensure the internal security of our society, and the happiness of its members, we should concentrate on making these more efficient. And that, for an agnostic, means modifying them, eventually, so that they are based on human behaviour as it actually occurs; not on arbitrary concepts of human nature. We might even, one day, possess a process of justice (or, as I should prefer to call it, law), whose implementation may faintly approach the ambitions of the reformers, and which may, perhaps, be suited for the regulation of industrial man. Not monkeys, or Martians.

The strength of agnosticism, and possibly its only strength, lies in the wish to understand human beings as they really are, and not to judge them on the basis of prejudices about their souls. If we can honestly admit our ignorance, confessing not only that there are things we do not know, but also things which we can never know, and resolve to make the fullest possible use of our knowledge, we may in the future realise some of the ambitions which, basically, are the property of agnostic and believer alike. If we do not, the present state of the world suggests that we may not live to regret it. As an agnostic, I am committed to a belief in reason as the basis of moral action, and the conflict of faith and reason is for me a practical issue. By an exhaustive study of human capacity as it actually is, and not as we would wish it to be, we may eventually understand some of the horrors and nobilities of human actions. If we rely upon preconceptions about the nature of man, I believe we may find ourselves echoing Goyas' aphorism, "*El sueño de la razón produce monstruos.*" "The sleep of reason engenders monsters."

A. D. BLEST

Opportunity Lost

IT was the menu which spoke. *Huitres*, it said and *Barquettes Norvégienne*, *Turbotin Dugléré*, *Baron d'Agneau* and, very sumptuously, *Parfait Praliné*. Also many other things, evoking a cascade of Edwardian delicacies festooned, one surmises, with smilax; a dinner which could only end with Meyerbeer and autographed fans. Was there any point in pursuing the subject further? In December, 1913, the menu said, a great many people had worked their way through *Huitres* to *Corbeilles de Fruits* as the guests of Sir Thomas Barclay at the Savoy Hotel. No doubt a similar throng sat down at Kettner's or in the Connaught Rooms, *Parfait Praliné* then being the rule rather than the exception. So why be curious now? Yet there was a difference, if only by the size of the party. A hundred people don't dine together for the sake of *Turbotin Dugléré* alone—although one could think of worse reasons for being gregarious. Why, for example, (because other snippets fell from the dusty file, letters, press-cuttings, telegrams, toast-lists, all as redolent with "occasion" as confetti), were Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Humphrey Ward together? And why was the Lord Chief Justice with Mr. Walter Crane? Besides, there is an urgency about it all. Marie Corelli cannot attend, she says, and then at the last minute she can. "Two places . . . To-night's Dinner . . . Will rely on you to do your best for me. . . ." Who is coming with her? Miss May Sinclair? Austen Chamberlain?

The dinner is in honour of Anatole France, and as the faded invitations whisper the buried names, we know that the elderly Parnassian—he is seventy—has not been invited to London for being the author of *Thaïs*. There are other and more momentous reasons—the peace of the world, for instance.

Certainly looking at Anatole France leaving Downing Street with John Lane would give no inkling of such portentious things. They emerge between the familiar scrapers like sepia ghosts on the curling photograph, two literary gentlemen the Prime Minister had indulged for half an hour. Anatole France is tall and unapologetically distinguished. Yet we know that that chilly profile is more at home in the book-clogged house in the Bois de Boulogne than at the Quai D'Orsay. Why are they making such a fuss of him? Why is he carried off to the Savoy? Why is Sir Thomas Barclay, who awaits him, so particularly grave? There are a few things recalled about the famous stylist. How he lived in a tent crowded with beautiful things in the middle of a mansion, in the middle of the Bois. How he once hated Zola —"I do not envy him his disgusting celebrity." How he battled for Dreyfus. How he bumped into Bernard Shaw in the Sistine Chapel. Shaw said, "*Moi aussi je suis un homme de génie*"—which proves the magnanimous effect of art.

All this we know, and more. Yet there still remains a mystery about these honours being accorded France in London; and to get to the bottom of it we must understand a little of the nature of Sir Thomas Barclay. Sir Thomas was a Francophile, a Duff Cooper of the law who suddenly saw that his beloved second country was in imminent peril. There were, after all, but eight more months to go after the Savoy party. Eight short months before the end of an age. Sir Thomas didn't know this, but he knew a lot, more perhaps than the casual embassies. He felt it intuitively. There was only one thing that could save France—the ordinary people; only one person who could save the ordinary people, and that was Jaurès; and only one man who could preach Jaurès and he, strangely enough, was the elegant Anatole France.

It is an odd ribbon of circumstance which runs from the Montaigne-like Anatole, the perfectionist from the painted tent, to Auguste Jaurès the great Socialist. For the novelist it must have been a continual descent as he journeyed away from the conservative-aristocrats, the Evelyn Waughs of the '70s; from classicism and, last, from Parnassus itself. The spiritual change, slow at first, was precipitated like so many other things, by the Dreyfus Affair. So much so that by 1913, Anatole France, the recluse, the cloistered stylist, was the voice of French Socialism. Was the faith ever so perfectly preached! Only one factor could save France, said Jaurès: not the army, but the people. The novelist agreed. His speeches, forty years after, seem just.

"Let us," declaimed Anatole France in his fine Leconte de Lisle manner which must have sounded so odd among the co-operative societies, "Let us have an obstinate faith in the future peace of the world. Universal peace will one day be accomplished, not because men become better, but because a new order of things, a new science, new economic necessities will impose on them the state of peace. . . ." It was a chance, and Sir Thomas Barclay seized on it. In Anatole France he saw not an ivory tower, but an ivory bridge stretching from the educated to Jaurès and the proletariat, to the very soul of the nation. A nation lives by its soul and not by its soldiers. But there was a difficulty. The soul's awakening. Who else better to do this than Anatole France? The idea seems to have knocked Sir Thomas sideways; for his great dinner was a sadly hurried affair.

Lord Curzon, for instance, was given only five days' notice and so refused rather shortly on a correspondence card. Other guests—Mr. John Lane, for instance—seemed to be less concerned with the peace of the world than with their own affairs. "Perhaps," wrote the publisher, "you are not aware of the fact that, when I published *The Yellow Book*, I induced Anatole France to write a story for it which was published in French. . . ." "I should have been happy to have been associated with the *entertainment* had I been free," wrote Austen Chamberlain. (Clearly he hadn't got the right idea at all.) "I am well content in silence and retreat to help represent the great body of M. France's English readers, to whom he is as dear, almost, as any of their own best-loved authors," wrote Augustine Birrell. "Were these hosts," he continued, "to insist upon representing themselves, you would have to adjourn . . . to Epping Forest. . . ." So it goes on—elegant regret.

The famous author came and went. He met the Fabians (Mr. Edward Pease was the secretary), he had tea in Downing Street, he went to the Café Royal and, of course, he went to Sir Thomas's great dinner. There the guests heard little of what might save Europe. It might have been the presence of Marie Corelli or just the splendour of the Savoy Hotel, but France was droll, urbane, back again on the safe Parnassian slopes. It wasn't until he was at Brussels on the way home that he gave vent to the brave new doctrine of a people's peace.

There is not much more than this. The Savoy dishes have long since been hurried away, the *Salade Niçoise*, the *Parfait Praliné*. The remaining months soon passed and with them the old world. Four days before the declaration of war, Jaurès himself died, murdered by a fool. In the painted tent in the mansion in the Bois, Anatole France settled down to write, in remarkable prose, *La Révolte des Anges*.

RONALD BLYTHE

The Arts and Entertainment

Simple Pleasures

SINCERE admirer though I am of the works of Mr. Vernon Sylvaine, I all the same hope that my successor in A.D. 2300 will not have to attend the revivals of his plays (as I have just had to attend a 350-year-old farce, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*), and treat them solemnly as culture. But if he does have to, perhaps future generations will remember that the success of his farces depended on the extreme seriousness with which the actors took their parts. A stockbroker's clerk in them was never a funny stockbroker's clerk, he was every inch a stockbroker's clerk, reliable, dull and totally expected, and his wife was an archetypal suburban woman, not a figure of fun, but a figure who became funny just because the situations she was put into were not funny for her. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is a workaday Elizabethan farce which might perhaps have dropped out but for the accident of its giving a first glimpse of a great comic figure as yet undeveloped. He and the other central figures and the main situation still yield some funny scenes. It is the secondary characters who are dead now, dead beyond the hope of artificial respiration. Indeed, the more artificial the respiration, it seems to me, the less successful.

Thus, at Stratford, where the play has joined the repertory, Justice Shallow is played by the clever Mr. Atienza. Mr. Atienza is a specialist in grotesques. But is grotesquerie the way of bringing Justice Shallow alive? Granted he is only a shadow of the Shallow to come, but grotesquerie doesn't fill him out, it gives him only a more grotesque outline. And too many would-be grotesque outlines are the weakness of an otherwise endurable production of *The Merry Wives* at Stratford. Motley provided a series of pretty wintry sets with some ingenious mechanical toys for the interiors—and the old piece needs all the help it can get from tricks of this kind. The principal parts are in the hands of people who know their business and put it over effectively. Miss Angela Baddeley and Miss Joyce Redman are excellent as the wives, and make excellent foils to one another. Miss Baddeley has that beautifully crisp technique, rare in English acting, where the phrasing, as musicians say, is exact and neat and finished, and it is a pleasure to watch her whether or not there is much for her to do; Miss Joyce Redman has a special quality of vitality and fun which is always engaging; and Mr. William Devlin shows a merciful restraint as the Welsh schoolmaster. Then there is Mr. Anthony Quayle's Falstaff, a splendidly large creation whose largeness comes not merely from the padding; this only illustrates the interior largeness of fantasy and above all of voice. Mr. Quayle brings out the crowning or crushing phrase with a superb grandiloquence and a fine relish in the taste of it. The scenes between these characters are staged by Mr. Byam Shaw with a nice comic invention.

Simple, too, are the pleasures which the new style English Musical seems to be aiming at. We are surely right to give up the attempt to challenge the American successes on their chosen ground, and to search instead for something more native and more within our means. But whether artless simplicity is the key to success, or whether *Salad Days* is a happy accident remains not proven by the attempts last week to follow that line. *Wild Thyme* at the Duke of York's, would certainly deserve to succeed, if talent were everything. All is sweetness and light in this tale of a railway porter and a singer running off in the most innocent way to Devonshire; but if the tale is simple, the mounting is far from artless. Mr. Ronald Searle has produced the most delightful of absurdities for the sets—his pink Gothic railway station is a fantasy of pleasure. The music is by Mr. Donald Swann whose gift for devising a taking tune is well known to patrons of intimate revue. Miss Betty Paul, Miss Jane Wenham and Mr. Denis Quilley sing the main parts with charm and appeal. Mr. Colin Gordon is there to please us with his easy, skidding kind of humour, and Miss Wendy Toye is an ingenious producer full of cunning devices. It is all agreeable and wholesome and engaging; but somewhere that little extra, that touch of poetry or fantasy which instantly communicates, has been mislaid. Yet one hopes that this team will try again.

T. C. WORSLEY

Wales and Cheltenham

THE Welsh National Opera's first London season has been something of a triumph. With three unfamiliar operas in the repertory, there were nevertheless full houses almost every night of the week.

Mr. Norman Tucker must be ruefully wondering why the Sadler's Wells public, lukewarm towards their own *Luisa Miller*, have been crowding to see the Welsh *Nabucco* and *Sicilian Vespers*. Perhaps it is the vocal prestige of Wales and the romantic appeal of an opera-troupe suddenly born out of nothing; perhaps the notion that these rarities must be snapped up while they are available; perhaps some idea, derived from broadcasts or records, that *Nabucco* at any rate is a tremendous affair. Well, so it is: a thunderclap of youthful genius. Its colours may be relatively crude, but they are convincing in their context; all Verdi's passion, tenderness and nobility prophetically flare out from this old score; no wonder it made his name in a night. Moreover, the natural link between Welsh fervour and the Italian's spontaneous response to the Old Testament has been clear ever since that memorable first night at Cardiff. *The Sicilian Vespers*, a more sophisticated but more cumbrous piece, has been greatly improved in performance, I understand—for I was unable to hear the London revival—since the company first tackled it.

It is entirely proper that such a company should also foster the talent of native composers; and Arwel Hughes's *Menna*, an opera about ancient Welsh marriage customs, was very politely received. The composer has some melodic gift and writes gratefully for the voice, but his elaboration of the musical material proceeds along strictly conventional lines. Everything is foreseeable, and this is the more unfortunate because the thinness of the plot leads us to look ahead and wonder how so little action can be made to fill an evening. The second act, for instance, which consists largely of a protracted game of hide-and-seek, involves a great deal of standing about and filling in of the "Come now, let's have a song" order. Menna, the bride (Elsie Morison), must ritually hide and be searched for by the groomsmen. First she is found much too soon (a symbol, I suppose, of easy virtue) and is therefore compelled by the village leader, an insufferably rude baritone, to hide again while Gwyn, the bridegroom, a more free-thinking type (Edgar Evans), understandably mopes and sulks. The second round of Eena-Menna-Mina-Mo is still more unfortunate: this time Menna can't be found at all, and Gwyn gets into tremendous trouble for proposing (the audacity of it!) to go and look for her himself. When at last he stormed off and the curtain fell on a series of powerful and ominous drum-thumps, I found that I lacked the curiosity to pursue the story to its bitter end. The synopsis said that in Act III Gwyn went mad and attacked the baritone—most sensible of him—and at last threw himself (like Nijinsky in the *Faun?*) on the wedding dress which was all that was left of poor Menna.

Meanwhile Intimate Opera, now directed by

PLAYER'S
MEDIUM
NAVY CUT
2 oz. tin 9/1d.
To open, simply remove small rubber seal.
Unfailingly fresh
Tobacco at its best. Player's Medium Navy Cut is once again supplied in the familiar pocket tin, vacuum sealed, which means that absolute freshness is retained and enjoyment assured whenever you buy it.
PLAYER'S
MEDIUM
NAVY CUT TOBACCO
'The choice for a lifetime'

Antony Hopkins, the Stephen Potter of music, was Schweppervescing down at Cheltenham Spa. Ballad operas about Regency rakes and honest Jack Tars have been replaced, under the new dispensation, by slender musical charades mainly provided by the director and his assistant, Joseph Horovitz. The latter's *Dumb Wife*, a dramatically crude version of the Rabelais tale about the woman who was so much more attractive *before* she gained the use of her tongue, was musically small beer indeed, and made *The Telephone*, which followed, seem a masterpiece by comparison. This is probably the best thing Menotti has ever done; with the orchestral score nimbly summarised by Mr. Hopkins at the piano, and the heroine charmingly impersonated by Jean Carrol, a gifted new soprano, it scored a great success. Of the instrumental side of the Cheltenham Festival I hope to write next week.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Painting as a Passion

PAINTING is a kind of physical passion. A loose phrase I realise, but no other will describe briefly the type of sensuous commitment that one finds in all successful humanist art—even in the work of a so-called "cold" painter such as Piero. It must be a passion because of the unceasing dedication required to become no more than competent in its grammar. It is physical because the appearance of an object is for man its first sensuous attribute; the other senses follow after sight. Because painting is a kind of physical passion, painters are only indirectly influenced by theories. Every true painter (including one like Seurat) is, as a painter, an empiricist. Critics should always remember this. If they are interpreters, they interpret one way only. Any effect they may have will be on the general ideas of their time and perhaps through these ideas—but then, as I say, only indirectly—on the development of art.

This reflection is prompted by the extremely interesting Soho Festival exhibition at the A.I.A. Gallery of paintings, dated 1910-20, by artists associated with Fitzroy Street—Fry, Sickert, Gilman, Grant, Gertler, William Roberts, Vanessa Bell and others. It also includes examples of the work produced in Fry's Omega Workshop. What is proved by this show is that all the theories imported with the famous Post-Impressionist exhibitions, all Fry's brilliant æsthetic preaching, had no direct, clear-cut influence on the best painting of the period. The works which *were* directly influenced, including the Omega products, now look amateurish and half-hearted precisely because they were more theoretical than passionate, whilst the works of the men "mad about painting"—Sickert, Gertler, Gilman, Bevan—now look bold, new and full-bloodedly convincing. This is further confirmed by the excellent exhibition at the Café Royal where one can see Gilman's masterpiece of a *Woman Combing Her Hair* (the very paint tangled and yet the drawing as sharp as the comb), Roberts's *Boat Pond*, Sickert's superb portrait of *Mrs. Barrett* (the Sickertian theory of painting became as deadly in its effect as Fry's but he himself never practised it), some early Epsteins, a fine Gertler nude, a Bevan of some horses and a good still-life by Peploe.

The Redfern mixed exhibition is as useful a market as usual, in which some landscapes by Frederick Gore and a new version of Ceri Richards's *Homage to Beethoven* are outstanding. At Gallery One Sven Blomberg is showing some canvases of enlarged soil, still lives of weeds, snails, stones, leaves—all rather indistinguishable. They are sincere enough to make one begin to look expectantly—as one might look to see if one's seeds are coming up yet; but the trouble is that one doesn't continue looking unless they *are* one's own seeds. These paintings are too private because they avoid the whole problem of presentation—in the necessary as well as the worst sense.

Roland, Browse and Delbanco are showing the work of some of their younger artists. Norman Adams has an original, deeply religious poetic vision. A gull flies out of the surf where a drowned man lies, implying no omen at all and this somehow becomes the worst omen imaginable. The open tomb in the Resurrection gapes a terrible black. Christ rides into Jerusalem on a pit pony. Adams probably realises that the danger for an imagination such as his lies in a tendency to fuzziness and lack of structure, and it is perhaps because of this that he builds up his pictures with square brush marks like bricks. But this is not enough; the forms themselves must be firmer. "Grandeur of Ideas is founded on Precision of Ideas"—Blake. Philip Sutton is a painter progressing fast. In his canvas of a *Fruit Tree* he uses, as in his others, brilliant Fauve-like colour and a form of Cubist space-dissection; but the point about this picture is the way in which it is so accurately an equivalent of the real orchard event: the apple green, half light and half foliage, sluices down across the canvas and the fruit ride on it like red buoys. Margaret Neve paints small very sensitive panoramic views of the Midlands: the distant lights, houses or industrial installations arranged in little candle groups of colour. Her problem, which is one of the constant problems of the English light and landscape, is to prevent sky and ground joining as a flat backdrop. The solution is perhaps to show more clearly the source and direction of the light. Good news for those who missed the obligatory Hiroshima Panels, for they are now on exhibition again at the South London Art Gallery, Peckham Road.

JOHN BERGER

Stars of the Festival Ballet

ONE of the pleasures of the Festival company is its variety, especially of personality, so that there is a certain unexpectedness about the concern. One star may have the pin-point delicacy of Markova, another emotional depth, while a third will show a vulgarity that conforms with the most stringent Christmas pantomime requirements. It is all a curious mixture. Belinda Wright and John Gilpin are the two dancers who best characterise Anton Dolin's talent as director. They have terrific spirit and dash, while their technique is superb. Miss Wright is extraordinary in that the finesse of her fragile movement is matched by the triviality of her sentiment. In a coy and clever *pas de deux, Harlequinade*, Mr. Gilpin and Miss Wright revel in technical stunts and express unstinted gewgaw skittishness with a mastery that leaves the watcher drunkenly satiated; not nervously regretful, as after the insensitive production of *Petrouchka*. A more refined dancer is the Danish ballerina, Toni Lander. Her style is immediately noticeable as different from that of the others, for she never hurries over a step, however quick, nor is there any of that anxious violence that drives other stars to continually demand appreciation from the audience for their tricks. She dances for joy, a very clean, Nordic joy, in which she phrases the movement to the music with accurate grace. It is in the presentation of the classical ballets that this company shows its weakness. *Swan Lake*, act II, was performed without the least perception of its poetic or tragic quality. The *corps de ballet* was beautifully together, but attacked its job with the energy of a well-trained regiment charging into battle.

For the second programme Alexandre Danilova appears as guest artist in *Les Sylphides* and a new ballet, *Mlle Fifi*. There is no doubt that dancers who continue working into middle age generally show a conscious intelligence in their performances which is quite different to the attitude of young things around twenty. These latter use their bodies as best they can, instinctively: they do not know what they are doing, despite the rigorous training; but because they are young, beautiful, overflowing with energy and possess unconscious artistry, the result may turn out perfect. For me it is the best kind of dancing. Second best is to see veterans like Massine, Markova or Danilova using such tactics and such sensitivity towards their work that the physical weakness of age is made insignificant. In *Les Sylphides* Danilova was a most delicate and humorously wistful sylph. Though technically a little unsure she made the others, who were dancing well, look earthbound while she floated like a dandelion puff hovering on the summer air. The illusion was almost entirely created by her arms.

In *Mlle Fifi* she was gloriously gay and silly. It is a gay and silly ballet about a circus star, her admirer and her admirer's father, who also admires. The choreography by Zachary Solov is naughty and simple. With the abandon of a seventeen-year-old Danilova flings herself from the arms of Michael Maule to Anton Dolin, who both support her excellently. There is such gaiety in Danilova's smile and such elegance in her legs that the ballet seems delightful. Whether it would come off with three less expert artists I am doubtful, but as it stands the ballet is entertaining.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Limits and Lack of Limits

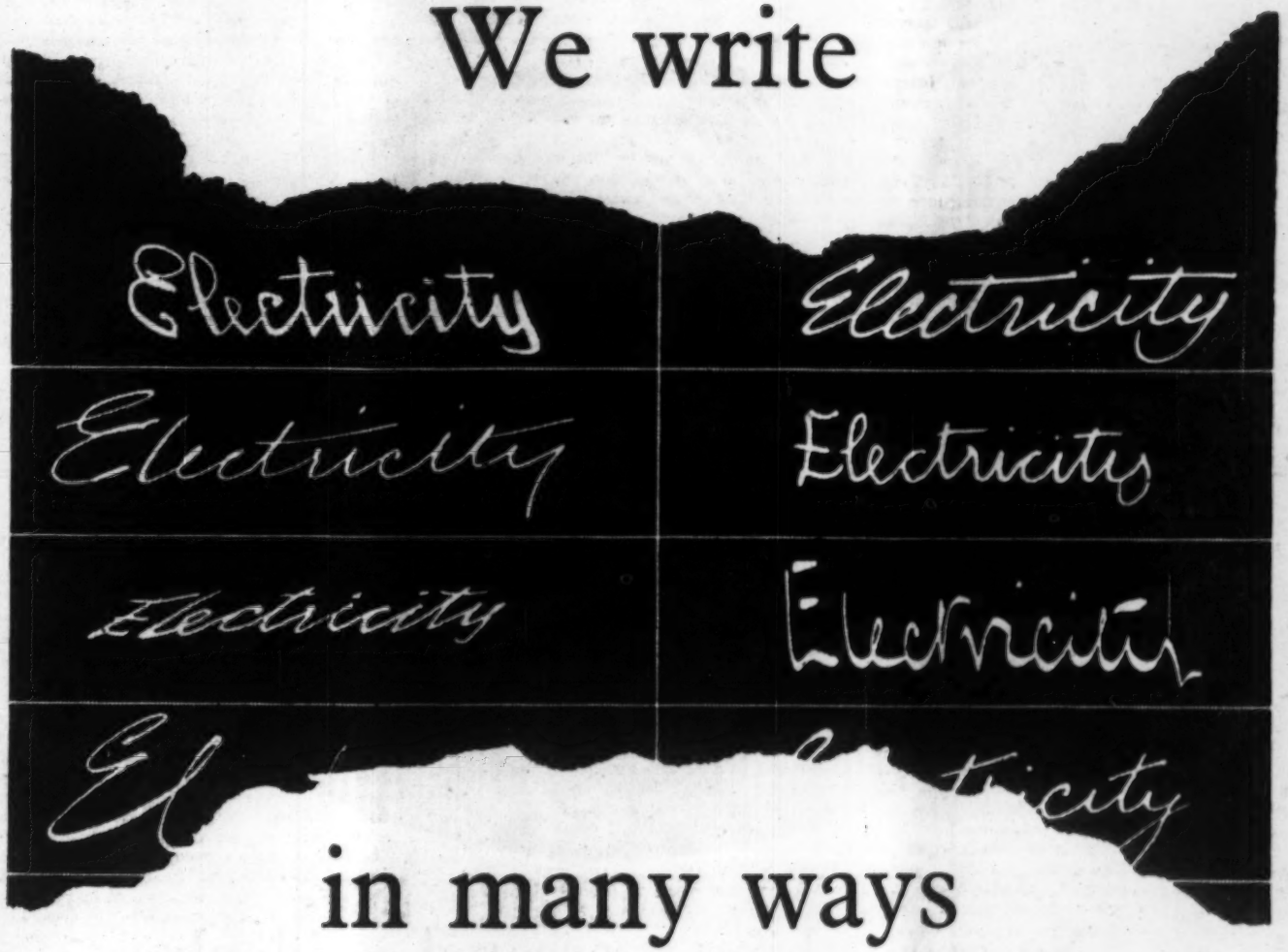
ONE of the difficulties of discussing television is quite simply its lack of limits. This is as much a weakness as it is a strength; indeed, from one point of view the lack of limits is television's great limitation. It is, I think, possible legitimately to speak of an art of radio: limits are severe and they can be exploited, turned by imaginative producers and writers into sources of strength. One cannot talk of an art of television, and I suspect that one never will be able to do so in any serious sense. Television is a means of projecting the passing moment as it passes. But there are many kinds of passing moment. Consider half a dozen of last week's programmes: *Paris 1900*, *Look*, *The Browning Version*, *Of Men and Mountains*, *Royal Academy of Arts*, *Asian Club*, *Royal Ascot*. The only thing they have in common is that they appeared on our screens in the one week. But *Paris 1900* and *Of Men and Mountains* were films, *The Browning Version* a play, *Royal Academy of Arts*, *Asian Club* and *Royal Ascot* actuality programmes or television journalism, while *Look* was a combination of actuality and film, in other words the equivalent of the old-fashioned lantern lecture.

So how is one to judge them individually? Since *Royal Academy of Arts*, in which Mr. James Fitton, R.A., conducted us on a rapid tour of selected canvases at the Academy's summer exhibition, *Royal Ascot*, in which we saw horses racing, ladies showing off their frocks and a stand struck by lightning, and *Asian Club*, in which Mr. Mayhew was questioned on the subject of peace by Asiatic students in London, could not have been seen by us if television did not exist, I suppose one could say that they were television in a sense in which the other programmes were not. Their interest lay in their immediacy, in the fact that at the very moment of our watching them Palariva was actually beating Gilles de Retz in the Chesham Stakes, Mr. Fitton really talking about Sir Winston's still life, Mr. Mayhew certainly answering his audience's questions with intelligence and charm.

With the other programmes, however, the question of immediacy scarcely rises. They already existed before they were televised. This is true even of *Look*, the excellent natural history series that Mr. Peter Scott introduces and Mr. Desmond Hawkins produces. We saw a film—made out of more than one film—on the grey seal, with Mr. Scott, Mr. R. M. Lockley and Mr. Humphrey Hewer in the studio to discuss the animal as the film proceeded. To this extent the programme belonged solely to television; but the discussion, or something very much like it, could easily have been put on the sound track of the film.

With *Paris 1900* and *Of Men and Mountains*

We write



in many ways

but our spelling is invariable

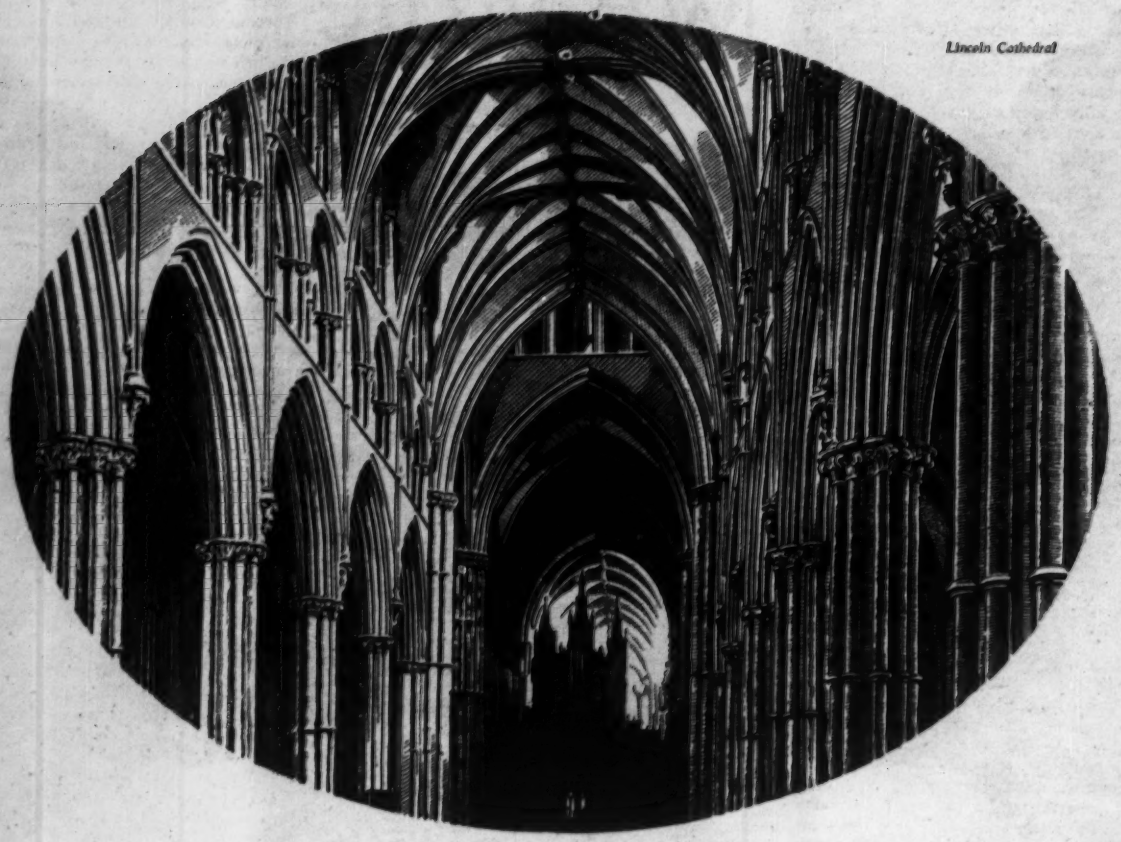
Every day of the year we write or type the word *electricity* many thousand times. On paper, the word may always look the same but, in fact, electricity appears to us as twelve different entities. The twelve sections of the Crompton Parkinson organisation each have a specialist job to do. Between them they cover every aspect of electrical equipment and installation. United they provide the customers of Crompton Parkinson with the finest electrical service in the world.

When it comes to electrical equipment . . .

you've got to hand it to Crompton Parkinson LIMITED

MAKERS OF ELECTRIC MOTORS OF ALL KINDS · ALTERNATORS AND GENERATORS · SWITCHGEAR · B.E.T. TRANSFORMERS · CABLES
INSTRUMENTS · LAMPS · LIGHTING EQUIPMENT · BATTERIES · STUD WELDING EQUIPMENT · TRACTION EQUIPMENT · CEILING FANS

CROMPTON PARKINSON LTD · CROMPTON HOUSE · ALDWYCH · LONDON · W.C.2 · TELEPHONE: CHANCERY 3333



Lincoln Cathedral

No great thing is created suddenly—

EPICTETUS *(1st CENTURY A.D.)*

Everything grows. A tree, a house, a school of thought—each adds to itself carefully with the years. And when they are great, their growth is the more leisurely. A nation, a religion, a way of life — these ask not for generations, but for centuries.

Among the community's great organizations today industry has one of the longest histories. It can trace its course back for two centuries, to dark mills and primitive machines. Now, it serves the community's economic needs in a million ways, and provides the material foundation for modern standards of life and leisure. For, as industry's technical achievement grows, so does its field for service.

Great organizations, high traditions, are best made slowly. Which is to say, great responsibilities are assumed gradually and with understanding.

ESSO *Esso Petroleum Company, Limited*

television consisted merely as a means of projection and nothing more. *Paris 1900* is a fascinating compilation from early French news reels, fascinating for its glimpses of the famous and the fabulous, Monet, Renoir, Gide, the young Proust, Bernhardt, Carpentier among them. I first saw it in a London cinema. Whether *Of Men and Mountains*, a very pleasant short French film on the history of mountaineering, has been shown commercially I do not know, but it would obviously make a most agreeable supporting film in a repertory cinema.

Now I am not, of course, complaining about the appearance of films like these on our television screens. I am all for them, and for more of them. But plainly they are not to be judged in the same way or from the same point of view as actuality programmes. Which means to say that there is not and cannot be any such thing as television criticism in the sense that there is film criticism or dramatic criticism. Yet there still remains the effect of the medium itself. It is idle to pretend that the reproduction of a film on the television screen is at present as good as it is in a cinema proper: it is coarsened and detail is inevitably lost the smaller the television screen becomes. The effect on plays is somewhat similar: we have to make the same kind of allowance for a play on television as often we must make for a play performed on too small a stage. In fact, *The Browning Version* came over admirably; Mr. Rattigan's plays go beautifully into television not only because of their evident merits as drama but also because he is economical of characters. I missed the original play but found last week's television version better either than the film or the sound radio adaptation.

Nevertheless, when we contemplate the cinema film or the stage play projected on television we have to realise that, so far as rendering is concerned, we are almost inescapably in the province of the second best. The film or the play on TV is a substitute for the real thing. Its justification is not æsthetic at all but social: it allows an acceptable substitute to be seen by millions where possibly thousands only can see the real thing. Well, in this life only the very young and the very rich can afford to despise the second best.

WILLIAM SALTER

Grinning Ulysses

"Ulysses," at the Marble Arch Pavilion
"The Village Feud," at the Cameo-Poly
"Doctor at Sea," at the Odeon

Samuel Butler supposed *The Odyssey* to have been written by a woman, but now we know that the real authors were Franco Brusati, Mario Camerini, Ennio De Concini, Hugh Gray, Ben Hecht, Ivor Perilli, Irwin Shaw—and, perhaps, Homer. Bits of an Urd-Odyssey seem to survive, in Penelope and the suitors, the Cyclops, the Sirens, Circe, and the "wine-dark sea." Washed up by the latter, grinning Ulysses (Kirk Douglas) meets Nawzeeker (Rossana Podesta). He has forgotten who he is, but obviously—they all say—he is a King. One of his accomplishments is all-in wrestling; he can bend a bow, and female hearts. So he and Nawzeeker plan to get married, but that old wine-dark sea starts stirring. He stares, he listens, and everything comes back. He is Lux Films' Ulysses! Then good-bye to the wandering years and all that—including some very nice memories of Circe—whom, really, he only fell in love with because she was so like Penelope, being in fact the very same person (Sylvana Mangano), and home just in time to stop the suitors after ten years or so getting fresh.

I can't say *Ulysses* is one of my favourite epics; in fact, I much prefer *Tarzan of the Apes*, *Cabiria*, *King Kong* and *One Exciting Night*. The song the Sirens sang—alas, we heard it in almost every film until Cinemascope cut out the sky: the facial geography of one-eyed Polythemus didn't much impress me: the swine are swine, and Circe is Miss Mangano, but she shaped better in the rice-fields: and the dialogue is of that sort which is delivered in either a hollow or a ringing tone. Mr. Kirk Douglas has been more at home in the boxing ring and the *Nautilus*. The gods, by the way, have been quite excluded: a pity, since they were a good deal less elementary than the psychology that has taken their place.

The Village Feud (*La Table aux Crèves*) is another sentimental comedy about Provence, pleasing enough in its way and embellished with Fernandel. His hair is *en brosse*, he appears first leading a most buxom horse up the cobbled street, and the best stretches of the film are the early ones in which he accompanies into the church a girl who admits to loving him best after the Virgin Mary and the Holy Trinity. He goes home to find his wife hanging from the lamp hook—who would have thought it would hold? Then rumours, persecutions arise. Guns come out. The sombreness, the over-conscious photography, the down-to-earth but literary humour about love and death sag a little. There is the right comic end, and we have enjoyed it all pretty well, especially being on the spot in some hilly village near Marseilles and in Aix, with Fernandel.

Doctor at Sea is the sequel to *Doctor in the House*, and suffers a little like most sequels. For one thing Mr. Kenneth More has been left behind, and for another the obvious jokes about doctoring are wearing a bit thin. Being at sea, of course, we get sea-sickness, the dance on deck, an operation for appendicitis, tooth extraction, D.T.'s, lady passengers, and near-Eastern nights ashore. Some of these are, surprisingly, funny. There are even quite delicate touches about a pansy first officer. Mr. Dirk Bogarde goes on heroing, and Mr. Robertson Justice roars away as sea captain, having been a famous surgeon last time. Where shall we find ourselves next? In the Health Service, no doubt.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

AMERICANISATION

SIR,—Mr. Priestley's admirable article of last week side-steps a basic issue: What lies behind the whole notion of "American influence" on England? I would maintain that there is a set of assumptions about social process which lead to what might be called the theory of national chastity; or, alternatively, the theory of national seduction. The idea seems to be that it is possible for a nation's culture to exist as a pure entity, evolving only according to a pattern laid down by the national genius. Departures from this pattern come with undesirable social changes and are the result of insidiously corrupting influences from outside.

National purity is a myth, of course. Peoples have always influenced one another and taken from one another—taken words and wheels, machines and mother-goddesses. By itself, the notion that this is not true is a relatively harmless one. But that tendency is vicious which identifies all apparently undesirable change with corruption by outsiders. It is vicious because it diverts attention from the internal sources of corruption, conflict and change.

There are always two parties to a seduction. The character of each counts and we are dissatisfied when, for example, McCarthyism tells us that untold numbers of Americans have fallen victim to the wiles of Communism, but neglects to consider why they should be so vulnerable. In Kenya, many Europeans prefer to believe that, were it not for "interference from Whitehall," "Russian agents based in Abyssinia," "Labour cranks"—even "the American Revolution"—there would be no Mau Mau. In this way realistic appraisal of the internal sources of discontent and violence can be ignored for ever.

The English are addicted to this mode of thought, and consequently leave some interesting questions unanswered. Take, for example, the often repeated story about American soldiers whose big pay packets carry off so many English girls. No one seems to question the implicit assumption that English women are basically mercenary. If they are, why are they? Do English men really have insufficient attractions to compensate for their relative lack of money?

So it is with England's supposed modern ills: "Levelling down," the "infection of intellectual life with professionalism," the growth of "technocracy," the "decline of spiritual values," "something-for-nothingness," the "debasement of taste," above all, the love of the big, shiny and expensive.

Are these really new? Are they really the results of American influence? If they are, what draws so many English men and women to them? Are the English supremely seducible? If so, why? If not, what explanation of change can be offered? One must eventually start to think about the conditions and forces internal to the society which make for change.

This widespread theory of national seduction will not do for ever. In popular English psychology its parallel is the find-a-better-climate or get-a-new-job cure for neurosis: no horrible peering into the mind: just fix up the external situation and you'll get back to normal. In the political and social sphere it is one of many scapegoat theories; good for propaganda purposes, but in the long run no more useful than any other form of self-delusion.

9A Union Road, Cambridge. GRACE G. HARRIS

SLUMS AT SEA

SIR,—I have been away from home, and have just read your issue of July 2. As an ex-merchant seaman who served at sea for nine years and holds a master's certificate, I should like to comment on the article "Slums at Sea."

Mr. Jones has described appalling conditions found in one or two old-fashioned ships. Unfortunately there are too many of these ships still afloat but to suggest as he does that such conditions prevail throughout the industry is a gross misrepresentation of the facts. In the last Company I sailed with, there wasn't a pre-war ship in the fleet, and in all ships built since the end of the war a separate cabin was provided for every member of the crew.

I would be the last to deny that there are many shipowners who are reactionary in outlook, but there are also many whose relations with their crews are excellent and remarkably free from disputes. The stewards in the ships mentioned have the remedy at hand. They don't have to sail in these ships in a time of full employment. They could get much better conditions in cargo ships but then they wouldn't enjoy such high incomes, of which about two-thirds is tax free and about which no mention is made in the article.

In conclusion, I should like to mention that in my experience a great many British stewards didn't measure up in standards of cleanliness and hygiene to their Chinese and Lascar counterparts.

36 Parsons Green Terrace, Edinburgh, 8. A. J. KING

RESALE PRICE MAINTENANCE

SIR,—Mr. Anthony Crosland, in his article "Curbing the Trade Associations," states his belief that Resale Price Maintenance is, in general, against the public interest.

It is surely in the public interest that there should be, throughout the country, many small or medium-sized bookshops, well stocked, staffed by competent assistants and willing to undertake the (often unremunerative) task of obtaining any book to order. In many cases such shops depend for their existence on receiving a fair share of their local library and school orders. Were the Net Book Agreement (which is the Book Trade's form of Resale Price Maintenance) made illegal, the "cream" of such orders would go to suppliers who do not engage to any considerable extent in that part of bookselling which is financially the least profitable but socially the most valuable, namely, the maintenance of a shop where the public is able to see and examine new books, and many small bookshops would be compelled to stock only the most popular books, and to restrict their services.

Sheffield. A. B. WARD

CHINA AND THE COLD WAR

SIR,—Kingsley Martin's review in your issue of June 18 completely misrepresents the main thesis of my book, *China and the Cold War*. It says, "He argues . . . that Communist behaviour is sometimes inconsistent with Communist doctrine and that this must be the result either of fanaticism or irrationality." On the contrary, I argue that Communist behaviour is often irrational precisely because it is *consistent* with Communist doctrine. I criticise the view, which is almost accepted orthodoxy in America, that Communists are basically political gangsters, using Communist doctrine as a cover for their real motivation of unlimited desire for power; and I try to show that most Communist behaviour is better explained by altruistic motivation combined with faith in an irrationalist basic doctrine. I also argue that various aspects of Communist doctrine make it inevitable that Communists will fail to attain the ends they desire; that, however altruistic their motives, they will fail to secure peace or to serve the interests of the masses in so far as they reject the standards of scientific method and act in terms of the world as presented by their doctrine.

Kingsley Martin's recent articles on "China in Uniform" provided strong confirmation for part of my general thesis. He said, for example, that ". . . the Communists were not behaving as realists, acting from motives of expediency, but as fanatics, with a religious faith . . ."; that the Communists were trying, and largely succeeding, in establishing a society like medieval Christendom in which certain doctrines and a certain authority are accepted as unquestionable; and that, "To build such a society means to establish, universally, assumptions which are the opposite of those on which Western society has rested since the Renaissance."

It seems to me, however, that he has not followed the argument in which I deduce the consequences of the facts he describes. The review says, "I am left wondering whether, on the main issue, it would not have been simpler and equally true to say that the Chinese government, like others, means to achieve its ends by peaceful means but runs risks, owing to miscalculation and over-confidence, of finding itself committed to a war it wants to avoid." This ignores not only what I say but also what Kingsley Martin himself says about the quasi-religious belief of many Chinese leaders in their system of doctrine—a belief which leads them to operate in terms of an imaginary world widely different from empirical reality. If Communist society is really like medieval Christendom it follows inevitably, as I show in the book, that non-Communists are in the same position as the Hussites and the early Protestants and can only survive as non-Communists by maintaining sufficient military strength and power of "massive retaliation"; and that the only possibility of peace is a precarious balance of power.

Among the assumptions rejected by Communist society is the basic principle of scientific method, that the truth or falsity of any theory can best be tested by empirical observation and experiment. A Communist who refuses to modify his doctrines in accordance with empirical evidence is bound to fail in dealing with social problems in the same way that a medieval scholastic, accepting the unquestioned authority of Aristotle and Galen, was bound to fail in dealing with problems in physics or medicine. I have always maintained that Chinese Communism was exceptionally successful during the Yenan period because, at this time, many Chinese Communist leaders treated their doctrine much more like a scientific hypothesis and much less like a religious faith.

"China in Uniform" concludes by saying, ". . . the rulers of China . . . believe that they have discovered the final truth. And to me this is the final error." But I do not think that Kingsley Martin has really faced the problem that peaceful co-existence is impossible with people who claim to be infallible on issues likely to be the subject of serious disputes. The suggested non-Communist peace campaign, of which the review approves is based on the chance that Communists might be persuaded to admit the possibility that they may be mistaken and to modify some of their doctrines in accordance with empirical evidence.

I agree that recent changes in behaviour both in Peking and Washington have made the situation more hopeful. But I do not think the improvement will be stable until Chou En-lai has persuaded his colleagues to accept explicitly the changes in doctrine implied by his more conciliatory policies.

MICHAEL LINDSAY

RUTH ELLIS

SIR,—The day they hanged Mrs. Ruth Ellis I chanced to take from my shelves a book I had not read since it was first published in 1932. This was A. R. Orage's *On Love*—a short essay which he called a free adaptation from the Tibetan. After distinguishing three kinds of love—Instinctive, Emotional and Conscious—Orage went on to say:

> Emotional love is not rooted in biology. It is, in fact, as often anti-biological in its character and direction. Instinctive love obeys the laws of biology, that is to say, chemistry, and proceeds by affinities. But emotional love is often the mutual attraction of dis-affinities and biological incongruities. Emotional love, when not accompanied by instinctive love (as it seldom is), rarely results in offspring; and when it does biology is not served. Strange creatures arise from the embraces of emotional love, mermen and mermaids, Bluebeards and *belles dames sans merci*. Emotional love is not only short-lived, but it evokes its slayer. Such love creates hate in its object, if hatred is not already there. The emotional lover soon becomes an object of indifference and quickly thereafter of hatred. These are the tragedies of love emotional.

This paragraph so completely embraces the tragedy of Ruth Ellis that I wonder would not the simplicity of it have carried more weight for the defence than all the mouthings of the professional psychologists whose self-created jargon tended to confuse the issue? Throughout the greatly publicised trial I had the feeling that the whole matter had already been settled between the protagonists and had nothing to do with me (or the public) at all. It was a private tragedy following a common pattern known the world over. Did not Thomas Hardy write the whole of it many years ago and call her Tess instead of Ruth? But by hanging Ruth Ellis the authorities have thrust the whole burden upon the public and made the more thoughtful wonder whether they, too, have not connived at murder—and at a murder without the excuse of "emotional love."

If the death penalty is to stay, surely the first duty of the Government is to appoint as Home Secretary a man of conscience capable of looking into the depths of his own soul and realising that there but for the Grace of God. . . ?

DENIS BOTTERILL

10 Burghley Road,
London, N.W.5.

ART IN THE CHURCH

SIR,—How careless of me to suggest that the Catholic scourgers of Sir Jacob Epstein, such as Father Bernard Vaughan, spoke with papal authority! They spoke as outraged individuals, no doubt; but judging from the kind of art the Church does generally encourage, they were representative enough. The Convent in Cavendish Square, and the chapel at Vence decorated by Matisse, are encouraging signs of enlightenment, but a recent papal pronouncement (I regret that the text is not at hand to refer to) was in effect a warning against such dangerous flirtations with the spirit of modernity.

Not that churches theologically more modern in spirit are any better in this respect: it is generally a choice between bad art and no art at all.

HERBERT READ

IRAQI STUDENTS

SIR,—Although the general comments of "Flavus" on the Cultural Attaché's letter published in the last issue of the NEW STATESMAN were appreciated, we wish to add some specific points. The Cultural Attaché stated: "The students knew the rules that apply before they accepted the bursary. Their bursaries are liable to cancellation and the permission to reside abroad is withdrawn if they deliberately disobey the conditions governing the grant of a bursary." The only rules that Iraqi students know, however, are those contained in their contract with the Iraqi Government, which is the only legal document that governs the relations between Iraqi students and their Government. But even this contract does not contain any condition about "permission to reside abroad"—and, still less, its liability to be "withdrawn." Now that the Cultural Attaché, who is the official interpreter of the contract, adds, contrary to the letter and spirit of the contract, this completely new condition about "permission to reside abroad," he is thereby making himself responsible for the renewal and extension of passports of Iraqi students—normally the duty of the Consul General. Yet, the Cultural Attaché has constantly denied the existence of such a responsibility.

Furthermore, the contract does not at all make it "a strict condition for the grant of a bursary that the student gives an undertaking to devote his entire energies to his studies and not to indulge in any non-academic activities." All that the contract states in this respect is that the student shall actively and laboriously pursue his studies. In fact, the Cultural Attaché himself has always admitted the necessity of a student organisation directed towards an all-round development of students' life. Can he now really mean that membership of any student organisation constitutes a breach of contract? Would that not therefore follow that all Iraqi students in the U.K., who are automatically members of their college or university unions, are making a breach of their contracts?

L. AL-KADHI
Iraqi Students' Society, (*President*)
8 Barter Street, W.C.1.

ARNOLD BAX SOCIETY

SIR,—I think many readers of the NEW STATESMAN will be interested to learn of the formation of an Arnold Bax Society. A group of music lovers who wish to honour the memory of the late Sir Arnold Bax have formed the Society for the express purpose of sponsoring recordings of his major works. We think it is deplorable that one of our finest composers should be almost unrepresented in the catalogues of the Record Companies, and we wish to remedy what Dr. Edmund Rubbra has called "this scandalous hiatus in English recorded music." Our intention is to ask for a thousand promises to buy a Long Playing record devoted to a major work of Bax, perhaps the Fifth Symphony. The work chosen will depend on the extent of public support, the requests expressed by our members, and the views of the Record Company concerned. Anyone who sends me a promise to buy a Bax record will be entered as a member of the Society. There is nothing to pay except the cost of the record when it is issued. If we get sufficient support we shall be able to make arrangements for the record to be issued in the normal way and at the usual price. If we do not get sufficient support our members will have lost nothing but the time taken in writing to me.

Many distinguished persons have given their support, and the Vice-Presidents of the Society include Sir Arthur Bliss (Master of the Queen's Music), John Christie, Esq., Edric Cundell, Esq., C.B.E., Charles Groves, Esq., Sir Compton Mackenzie, Dr. Edmund Rubbra, Rudolf Schwarz, Esq., and Dr. R. Vaughan Williams, O.M.

CLIFFORD W. GILLAM
Old Orchard, Austenwood Common,
Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire.

MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY

SIR,—I am writing a biography of my grandfather, Moncure Daniel Conway, 1832-1907. He was a leader in the Ethical Movement, friend and biographer of Carlyle, literary agent for Whitman, Emerson and Mark Twain.

I would enormously appreciate from your readers any letters or any material whatsoever relating to his life and work. I will, of course, be responsible for postage and will copy and return all communications.

ELEANOR CONWAY SAWYER
Stony Point, New York, U.S.A.

"There are people whose business it is to know about these things"

You may never have seen a refractory. "The technical side!" you may say. "There are people whose business it is to know these things." How right you are! Refractories are technically very complex, and financially very important. Their selection really is a specialist's job. Morgans are such specialists. They are the manufacturers of some of the finest refractories in the world. They designed, and they operate, the most up-to-date refractories plant in Europe. They know, if anyone does, the care with which long-life refractories must be made. **Morgans' advice—which involves no obligation—is completely authoritative.**

Refractories are the materials from which furnaces are built. They may well be in your balance sheet—unseen. Think of their effect on labour and fuel costs, overheads, furnace productivity; and their importance at once becomes clear. As well that there are people who know about these things!

MORGAN Refractories

ASK MORGANS ABOUT REFRACTORIES: THEY KNOW

MORGAN REFRACTORIES LTD., NESTON, WIRRAL, CHESHIRE. TEL: NESTON 1406

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Top Men

THE two men who on May 29, 1953, stood on the summit of Everest—one born within sight of the mountain, the other half a world away—have now told their own tales and filled in the last gaps in the story*. Hillary's book must have been written between lecture-tours and the expedition he led last year to Makalu; Tenzing's was told to an American journalist, author of several histories of mountaineering and compiler of a book on Everest. Here and there, one is conscious that Tenzing's experiences have passed through an American filter, and some of his general reflections strike one as having been squeezed out in answer to leading questions. But the narrative inspires confidence, and certainly Mr. Ullman seems to have made Tenzing lean over backwards to be fair to everyone. Tenzing is, naturally, touchy about status, and feels he must use his prestige to fight the Sherpas' battles. Like most Asiatics, he finds it easier to respect the British than to love us, but he was startled and touched by the warmth of his welcome in London.

Tenzing comes from the Sherpa country of Solo Khumbu in Nepal. Looking north from the yak-pastures he could, as a boy, see the top of Everest above the Lhotse-Nupste wall, and he heard, from returning Sherpas, of the early expeditions on the other side of the mountain. So when he was 18 he ran away to Darjeeling—to earn money, see the world, and if possible go to Everest. For what marks Tenzing out from other Sherpas is not so much his capacity on a mountain as his enthusiasm for mountains. To him they were not just a way of earning a living, but a passion; and it must have been his temperament as well as his astonishing adaptability to great heights—Tenzing's "three lungs" were a byword—that made him, on both the Swiss and the British expeditions, a natural choice for the summit party. Certainly the other Sherpas thought he was silly: they had no wish to climb to the top, and if he did, there might be no more expeditions and no more jobs!

Tenzing was first taken to Everest in 1935, and again in 1936 and 1938, when the route was from the North, through Tibet. After the war he was Sirdar of Sherpas on British, Swiss and French expeditions; he went to Lhasa with Professor Tucci, organising the travel and buying manuscripts from monasteries; and then in 1952 came the invitation to go back to Everest from the South, with the Swiss. It was a return after 18 years to his own country; probably the happiest of his expeditions; and the big chance of his life. With the Geneva guide Raymond Lambert he went higher on the mountain than anyone before, and his fire and toughness, now plain for all to see, made certain of his invitation for any later Everest expedition. He loved the Swiss—they were the first to treat him as an equal member of the climbing party—and to Lambert he has remained utterly devoted. He would rather, he says frankly, have climbed Everest with them; but they just failed, and then it was the turn of the British. (Hillary, hearing the news of the Swiss failure, couldn't keep back a stab of pleasure that the prize was still unclaimed, enormously though he had admired their attempt.) When Hunt's invitation came, Tenzing was far from fit, after the gruelling experiences of the Swiss autumn expedition. But—as Mallory said in 1924, when he, too, had reasons for not wanting to go—"How can I be out of the hunt?" And when the leader finally announced the summit parties, "I was as happy as I think a man can be."

For Hillary also this was the supreme moment towards which he had steered his life since, as a boy on holiday in New Zealand, he saw two tanned young men come down from Mount Cook. Caught up at once into this most exacting of passions, he did a climb himself next day—"the happiest I had ever spent." Smythe's *Camp Six* and Shipton's *Nanda Devi* became his Bibles, and in a few years he had made himself a master of ice and snow craft, and had pioneered a number of routes on the grand and stormy Southern Alps. All this is briefly indicated in a couple of paragraphs, and the story really begins with his invitation, at the end of his first Himalayan trip to Garhwal, to join Shipton's reconnaisance of the South side of Everest in 1951. There was a moment's panic at the rendezvous in a Sherpa village: "for all I knew, these Englishmen might shave every day; they might be sticklers for the right thing. We'd have to smarten up a bit and watch our language." Relief came the minute he set eyes on Shipton's disreputable party, and visions of changing for dinner faded away. Travelling and exploring with Shipton—that year up the Everest ice-fall, next year on Cho Oyu and over the Nup La to the north side of the mountain—were exactly what he most enjoyed: and he was dismayed to receive, in New Zealand, Hunt's letter (which he prints here) telling him of the change in leadership of the 1953 expedition. But very soon he began to appreciate the new leader's drive and energy, and then in Katmandu he met Hunt—and Tenzing, who at once impressed Hillary by his quiet confidence and charmed him with his natural grace.

The story of their climb to the top is common property: the windy hell of the South Col, the restless night at the last camp, the blocked oxygen tube, the last rock step, the twisting snow ridge that seemed always to rise to another bump—then suddenly the ridges plunging down to Tibet, the summit, the colossal hug, the round of photographs. (All Hillary's summit roll is reproduced: both books are lavish in illustration.) Both men have now a great deal to add. Hillary's account of the ascent from the South Col to the top is as full and technically detailed as a paper on a new climb in the *Alpine Journal*. With his precise description of the snow, ice and rock, he makes it possible for other mountaineers, however modest, to climb with him. They can share the stab of apprehension when the top crust of snow peels off under the South summit:

> My whole training told me that the slope was exceedingly dangerous, but at the same time I was saying to myself: "Ed, my boy, this is Everest—you've got to push it a bit harder!" My solar plexus was tight with fear as I ploughed on. Half-way up I stopped, exhausted. I could look down 10,000 feet between my legs, and I have never felt more insecure. Anxiously I waved Tenzing up to me.
>
> "What do you think of it, Tenzing?" And the immediate response, "Very bad, very dangerous!" "Do you think we should go on?" And there came the familiar reply that never helped you much but never let you down: "Just as you wish!"

They can share, too, the delighted astonishment when, beyond the South summit, Hillary found the snow was not the floury stuff he had been afraid of, but hard and crystalline, easy to cut steps in. Looking back on their own best mountain days, climbers will recognise the exhilaration of the final stretch after the last rock-step was mastered.

> The summit ridge of Everest, the crisp snow and the smooth easy blows of the ice-axe all combined to make me feel a greater sense of power than I had ever felt at great altitudes before. I went on cutting for rope length after rope length.

They will spare a little wonder, too, for the way Hillary managed, at such a height, to fiddle with the oxygen sets and keep up a running mental calculation as to how the supply would last at different rates of consumption.

Tenzing's story, fresh and direct, confirms the impression of effort, danger and delight. Here and there he is prickly about what he feels were unfairnesses to him in Hillary's earlier, briefer account in Hunt's book. He resents it having been said that he gasped like a fish when he reached the top of the rock-step. (Hillary now makes it plain that he was gasping like a fish, too.) As for the question of which first set foot on the top—a difference only important to those whose sole interest in the climb was in what could be made of it in the way of newspaper drama or political sensation—Hillary says nothing at all; but Tenzing, deeply disturbed by all the distortions, explains that although they were within a few yards of each other, yet it was Hillary who at that point was leading.

"Did you see the Lord Buddha on top?" Tenzing was often asked afterwards. No, he had to answer; but the world had looked marvellous, spread out below them like a relief map—a climber's world, and simple. But the prize won, heroes have to go down, and life puts in its lesser claims again. As they wearily plodded down Everest, to meet the wave of public wonder and excitement, to see the private dream become the public spectacle, all was changed. Hillary's story stops on the mountain, at the meeting with the rest of the party; Tenzing's takes us down to the plains, to the frantic crowds of Katmandu, to Nehru, to the Queen, to his own near deification. For, as Mr. Ullman reminds us in a foreword, Tenzing is now for millions a manifestation of godhead, an avatar of the Lord Siva. He is also, as "virtually the first humbly born Asian in all history to attain world stature and world renown," a symbol and a portent; songs and poems are made about him, and his action has

---

* *High Adventure*. By Sir EDMUND HILLARY. *Hodder & Stoughton*. 16s.

Man of Everest. The Autobiography of TENZING. Told to JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN. *Harrap*. 18s.

passed into myth and legend. Indifferent to politics, he has become a figurehead of Asian nationalism.

So, since Everest, he has had the harder journey. Hillary has had to lecture round the globe, and perhaps neglect his bees, but he has also gone on climbing and exploring—Makalu last year, next year the Antarctic. Tenzing hopes to go back to the mountains, though only on small expeditions, and he will instruct at the new mountain school which his success inspired. But in his own home at Darjeeling, with visitors wandering in and out to gape and worship, he feels the burden of fame: "the world presses in massively, relentlessly"—as Mr. Ullman has seen—"the crowds become too big, the pressure too great; the curious, the worshipful, the jealous, the predatory, close in upon him." For a time it was so bad that Tenzing quite broke down; triumph has wrenched him far further than Hillary from his old life. The difference comes out in the books: Hillary, more single-minded, keeps the action always in focus; Tenzing reaches out to the effects of the action.

Reason, not high-flown sentiment, dictated Hunt's choice of this particular pair for the final assault on Everest; they were the fittest men. But what an extra significance their act took on because they did stand for East and West, for the men whose home is under the mountain and the men who have brought the idea of climbing it from the other side of the world. On the summit, Hillary photographed Tenzing waving a string of flags. The United Nations was on top, and Tenzing—here, perhaps, there is a prod from Mr. Ullman—waves that particular flag again in the last chapter, with an exhortation against narrow prejudice and nationalism. But nationalism seems a concept largely irrelevant to the stereoscopic picture which these two books, read together, provide. It is as personal records that they fascinate, and the final impression they leave is of strangeness and wonder, that two men of such different roots, faiths and upbringings, should have been drawn by the same overmastering passion to the top of the world.

JANET ADAM SMITH

Neutrals

Born between wars
I missed the golden age
When art and action fused
Into a single voice.

When fact and attitude
Were easy to define,
The roads were separate
And mid-way was no charted latitude.

Extremes make heroes
But the temperate zone has none;
Heads are worn level here
Caution controls the enterprise.

The tone is suited to the time,
Knowing but non-committal;
"Neutral" says each observer
Watching the fulcrum.

Balance is better left alone,
Proximity affects the scale.
Neutral we keep our heads
And jog a heart of stone.

PHILIP OAKES

Old Doug and Old Joe

Patterns of Industrial Bureaucracy. By ALVIN W. GOULDNER. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

Wildcat Strike. By ALVIN W. GOULDNER. *Routledge.* 16*s.*

At the end of the war, in a not very large middle-western plant for mining and processing gypsum, both management and workers were relatively pleased with themselves and each other. Then "Old Doug," the easy-going manager, died. Market conditions became more competitive. New machinery was installed, leading to speed-up. The new manager made changes in the staff which were unpopular. Rules were more rigidly enforced. Tension mounted between workers and management. After two years there was yet another change in the management. This was in 1950 and shortly afterwards the men walked out, led not by the president of the local Union but by its vice-president. Negotiations followed which led to a resumption of work but which may have increased the internal tensions.

While these events were in progress, a research team of sociologists from the University of Buffalo were studying the plant. They were there to observe and not to advise. Their lively observations form what the author describes as "the empirical core" of these two books. But the books also contain a good deal of sociological theorising. This is well worth taking seriously and suggests that American sociology is emerging from its depressingly obscure and platitudinous post-war phase. It does, however, require a certain effort and preferably some familiarity with the writings of Max Weber and those who have been influenced by his ideas, especially Parsons, Merton and Homans.

Weber says that bureaucracy must inevitably increase because it is the most most rational kind of organisation. It certainly increased in the gypsum plant between 1948 and 1951. But Dr. Gouldner discerns a less uniform future, partly because bureaucracy is not a uniform phenomenon and partly because of the "disorganisation patterns" which will keep cropping up in the best regulated of worlds.

There is a curious parallel between these books and Ilya Ehrenburg's *The Thaw* which, however lightweight as literature, has much interest as a social document, being, one presumes, a fictional generalisation from situations which have become familiar in Russia. Here also the theme is bureaucracy. The factory manager puts production first and fails to house his workers properly. He also fails to satisfy his wife. The story ends with a high wind blowing down the inadequate housing, the demotion of the manager and the blossoming of romance between his wife and his chief engineer.

In the American story, the indulgent regime of Old Doug is followed by attempts to tighten up the system of management. The wildcat strike is a human protest against what the men feel to be inhuman management, though, to be sure, nothing very dreadful has occurred. However, one worker is quoted as having said:

> "What's wrong with this country and plant is the all-mighty dollar. This plant doesn't care about the men and the way they live, but only about 75 per cent profit."

Yet the Company has introduced

> a superior "human relations" program. This employed a series of motion picture strips, which analysed group tensions from a psychoanalytical viewpoint, in terms of the unconscious needs of individuals, and which were discussed with foremen and workers throughout the Company.

In the Russian story, the implication is that people have been pushed too far in the name of efficiency. Their personal feelings have been forced into the background, so that they no longer admit their existence even to themselves. Yet sooner or later these latent feelings reappear, and it is their reappearance in the managerial and professional stratum that Ehrenburg describes.

READY JULY 25

Elinor Glyn

by ANTHONY GLYN

The creator of '*It*,' the most widely discussed, daringly successful novelist of her day, she scandalised society with her sensational novel 'Three Weeks.' "An extremely entertaining book in which there are no dull moments. How could there be with Elinor Glyn for company?" DANIEL GEORGE.
With 20 photographs. 18*s.*

BOOK SOCIETY NON-FICTION CHOICE

Louis Golding

GOODBYE TO ITHACA

"Most enjoyable—full of the unexpected, the comic, and the beautiful, and calls up all aspects of Greece as one knows and loves them. The whole idea is extremely productive and comes out beautifully in the whole work."—*Sir Maurice Bowra, Warden of Wadham.* "By far the best book Louis Golding has written."—*S. P. B. Mais (Oxford Mail).* With 39 photographs. 21*s.*

Madame Prunier's Fish Cookery Book

edited by AMBROSE HEATH

1,000 recipes from the famous House of Prunier together with a special section on *Specialités de la Maison.* With 23 illustrations. July 25. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Monica Krippner

GREECE INVITES

1954 showed that Greece has completely re-established its justified fame as a tourist country. As no up-to-date guide-book in English on the entire country was in print Miss Krippner, author of the successful *Yugoslavia Invites*, spent the latter half of 1954 touring all over Greece from Athens to the Turkish frontier, and from the Aegean Sea to the Ionian, collecting material for this new book. 2 folding maps and 41 photographs. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Hutchinson

Books to Come

The Isle of Lewis and Harris

A Study in British Community

by ARTHUR GEDDES The island provides a unique microcosm for a survey of the British Isles; economic and agricultural change already absorbed into mainland life are only now affecting the island.

Edinburgh University Press *July 28* 42*s*

Allegory and Courtesy in Spenser

A Chinese View

by H-C. CHANG. Spenser's treatment of allegory, his theory of courtesy, as interpreted by a Chinese scholar with a profound knowledge of the Renaissance attitude and also the Chinese equivalent.

Edinburgh University Press 18*s*

The Dark Ages

by W. D. KER The centenary of the author's birth this August affords an opportunity of reissuing this great history of European literature from the fifth century to the Renaissance, hailed on publication as a work of genius.

August 25 15*s*

The Letters of John of Salisbury

Volume 1: The Earlier Letters

text by W. J. MILLOR, *edited by* C. N. L. BROOKE *and* H. E. BUTLER These letters covering the time of anarchy caused by the Civil War between Stephen and Matilda, nominally written by Archbishop Theobald, all bear the imprint of John of Salisbury's lively genius.

Nelson's Medieval Texts 50*s*

The Problem of the Picts

edited by F. T. WAINWRIGHT An authoritative contribution, each chapter by an expert, on the never-ending discussion about the Picts—their life, language, background, and what finally became of them.

illustrated *published 21s*

A History of India

by J. C. POWELL-PRICE From the earliest times to the present. 'The author', says *The Listener*, 'handles his complex subject with a clarity and precision which enables the general reader to find his way through the maze of dynasties and races.'

Illustrations and maps *published 42s*

NELSON

(None of the characters in *The Thaw* is a manual worker. But presumably the manual workers have gone on being "human" all along.)

Neither the Russian nor the American author can avoid ending inconclusively. Both reflect the mood of an industrial civilisation that has begun to question the crudeness of its own goals, but that can only grope after the possibility of other goals. Capitalism and socialism are both doing pretty well in terms of "results": technology is booming. Meanwhile full employment makes employing agencies nervous about upsetting workers, even when it is obtuse at diagnosing their dissatisfactions. Dr. Gouldner points out with considerable insight that the *expectations* of the two parties to the labour contract are at variance. It is one of the main functions of industrial bureaucracy to get round this by regulation and supervision. But the pattern can never stand still, because it is again and again disorganised by changes in the market, by technical innovation, or by events of an even more universal character such as the death of one manager (it may be Old Doug, or it may be Old Joe) and the need to appoint a new one.

CHARLES MADGE

Bourgeois and Artist

The Life of J.-K. Huysmans. By ROBERT BALDICK. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

This is probably the definite life of Huysmans, and no one need ever again go through the same work, but can take on trust the results of the Herculean labour of research which Dr. Baldick has devoted to his subject. He has seen and studied all the documents which are ever likely now to come to light, and he has produced the authoritative biography which supersedes all previous ones, and which is the soundest, fullest and most scholarly in any language. His erudition is seen at its most effective in his study of the occult and its influence on the novelist, for he has dealt with this subject with a thoroughness and a competence shown by no critic yet, and, in so doing, he has illuminated as well this very important aspect of literature at the end of the nineteenth century.

Dr. Baldick has refrained deliberately from studying Huysmans's writings as literature but only as documents of biographical fact. Some later biographer may come to use them as well to interpret the personality of the man himself. If this biography has a weakness it lies in its psychological interpretation, for Huysmans remains an enigma and the motives of his actions are not discussed or interpreted. What was the mainspring of his character, and what is the significance of his spiritual progress, apart from the mere facts? His conversion, particularly, remains unexplained, and his subsequent faith. That is the chief psychological interest in his personality.

The present reviewer does not believe in using even the most autobiographical of novels as if they were undisputed fact, since real autobiography itself tends to be subjective, and few writers possess the detachment of a Constant. No boy's opinions of his school-days are entirely reliable, and few have ever appreciated their material conditions. To an unbiased reader it does not seem great harshness for a master to confiscate the cigarettes of a boy of fourteen, and his main object may not have been to smoke them himself. Dr. Baldick brings forward no evidence, except from a novel, that the masters at Huysmans's *lycée* neglected the bursary boys. Considering French appreciation of intellectual ability, this does not seem likely, if the boys had brains. He claims that the school records reveal that Huysmans worked well and showed more than average intelligence. It would have been illuminating to see this unbiased evidence, but Dr. Baldick does not produce it. He uses characters from the novels as if they were real people, even though he himself admits that, in *Sac au Dos*, Huysmans related some invented episodes. How then is one to know where to draw the line, and when to take the statements with caution?

The book has some faults of construction. It tends to overflow and to spread into shallows, where it would have gained from more concentration. Sometimes similar material is used in several chapters, and the two entitled *The Occultist* and *The Magician* could have been fused into one, while *The Convert*, *The Penitent* and *The Neophite* might also have been amalgamated. For those who seek information, and who consult Notes and Bibliography, the arrangement is somewhat frustrating and wasteful of time. Whenever one refers to the Notes one has, as well, to go to the Bibliography for the full information. In one place there is mention of an article by Huysmans entitled *Emile Zola et l'Assommoir*, but there is no information about it in the relevant note, nor is it in the Bibliography, although it is stated that it is a booklet published by Charpentier. Only after it has been mentioned several times can it be tracked down. It is also misleading to put Huysmans's autobiography, published under the name of A. Meunier, amongst the works dealing with him, when it is well known that he was its author.

Huysmans's personality reveals two strikingly contrasting facets. He was a bourgeois in his private life but an artist in his literary work. He remained a respectable civil servant for thirty-two years, who was awarded the decoration of Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur for his services to the State—he was later promoted to Officier for his literary work. His life was, on the whole, devoid of hardship, and he eventually reached a salary of about £150 a year at a time when money meant something and living was cheap. His office hours moreover were short—from eleven o'clock to five o'clock—and he could devote some of the time to his writing, and to entertaining his friends: we are told that Bloy used frequently to spend most of the day in his room at the Ministry.

Huysmans is usually credited with formulating the philosophy of suffering, yet it was not a new literary subject at his time, for it had been one of the most fruitful lyric themes of the ninteeenth century. Earlier Vigny had exclaimed "*J'aime la majesté des souffrances humaines,*" and Musset had cried "*Rien ne nous rend si grands qu'une grande douleur.*" Baudelaire had however been the greatest of the poets to use suffering as the substance of their art, and he called it "*l'indispensable douleur*" and "*la fertilisante douleur.*" But he was less concerned with physical than with spiritual suffering, and he does not expatiate, as does Huysmans, on the ills of the body—it is illuminating to compare their respective letters in this connection. Suffering for Baudelaire was man's sensitivity to his own degradation; it was the tribute which he paid to virtue, a proof of man's dignity.

Car c'est vraiment, Seigneur, le meilleur
témoignage
Que nous puissions donner de notre dignité
Que cet ardent sanglot qui roule d'âge en âge
Et vient mourir au bord de votre éternité!

Perhaps it is because, since the advent of world wars, we have been surfeited with the theme of physical suffering in literature that we find Huysmans's insistence on it somewhat unsympathetic. Incidentally, the objections which he raises in *En Route* against the use of anaesthetics, are lifted, almost word for word, from Baudelaire's *Paradis Artificiels*.

Huysmans remains essentially a figure of the late nineteenth century and he symbolises to perfection all its varying moods. That is why *A Rebours* can never be overlooked and must be read by those who wish to understand the literary climate of the age. He does not possess the eternal essence of a Baudelaire or a Flaubert, nor their human depth and understanding. His greatest qualities lie in the beauty and variety of his literary style, so that one reads him for the manner of his saying rather than for what he says, or for the characters he creates.

ENID STARKIE

A Pursuit of Power

Shaka Zulu: the Rise of the Zulu Empire. By E. A. RITTER. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

To say that Shaka (or Chaka, as white men have often called him) is a legendary figure is not to suggest that there is anything unreal about him. As a self-made warrior-kind or military dictator he is remarkable in his own right and for his resemblances to other men of the species. Born in 1787, he was afflicted in his early years by two apparent disadvantages which became something like obsessions. He was illegitimate, and the humiliations put upon him and upon his mother, to whom he was always devoted, painfully intensified the social insecurity in which they lived. Then a physical inadequacy, which would have been private in a country where boys did not universally go naked, caused him to be constantly taunted by other boys. In fact, he was entirely, aggressively manly; with puberty his abnormality corrected itself; and as a grown man he was physically superb. By the time he was fifteen, according to Mr. Ritter, he was filled with a "flaming determination" to reward those who had shown kindness to his mother and himself and to avenge himself upon those who had bullied or spurned him; he already exhibited an "iron will," arrogance, a capacity for leadership, "tireless energy," and an "unrelenting disciplinary code" to which he expected others to conform. His "lust for power" drove this not very likeable boy to build up a disciplined and efficient army of 50,000 men, to obtain control by military and political skill of a vast territory within a few years, and to make "every tribe tremble" at his name from the Cape to the Zambezi. He was murdered in 1828, at the age of 41.

Shaka's story has been told before, but not quite like this. Mr. Ritter, son of an officer in the Hanoverian and British armies who settled and campaigned in South Africa, was allowed as a child to associate with Africans: there was no talk of *apartheid* in the Nineties. Impressionable and with an excellent memory, he had the good fortune to hear from expert Zulu lips the history of Shaka. He has now amalgamated, as perhaps no one else could have done, the printed records and the Zulu oral traditions. As a chronicle—part history in the strict sense, part heroic folk-epic not necessarily deviating much from fact—this is a notable account of the pursuit of power and glory by military means in comparatively recent times, and in conditions vastly remote from those of times rather more recent. Anybody who knows the Zulus knows their eloquence, and those old men whom Mr. Ritter heard were not uttering "dry reportage." What they uttered was "more akin to drama, and the feelings and words" of the participants in the events related were "recounted as in epic poetry." Mr. Ritter has aimed at conveying some flavour of the original tales rather than at "an elegant narrative." He has not, and would not claim, exactly an Homeric touch, but he does convey the elements of drama and tragedy in the story, the workings of love and hate, of witchcraft and superstition, of ambition and envy.

In the history of Shaka there are disgusting cruelties, exhibitions of mass-hysteria and mob-violence, and gruesome atrocities. Although gratitude, loyalty, occasional clemency, and filial tenderness were among his attributes, the information that he was "highly emotional and sentimental behind a façade of iron self-discipline" can only remind us of other tyrants nearer home. But Shaka cannot be written off as merely "savage"—at least by this reviewer, who noticed in Zululand nearly a century after Shaka's death that the Zulus in general had, besides shapelier bodies, better manners, more wit and charm, and far more dignity than many of their White masters. "Before judging the Zulus," says Mr. Ritter, "we must recall the behaviour of all the belligerents in the last war." If, in Zulu society under Shaka's rule, there was a prevalence of violence, cruelty, absurdity, and ignorance, so there often is in societies regarding themselves as civilised. In the old days, in Mr. Ritter's view, a Zulu home was "to many so-called civilised homes a model of discipline and manners." As in so many non-literate and so-called primitive societies, there was an elaborate code of etiquette, and "habits of order and orderliness, of civility and cleanliness, of unselfishness and self-respect, of industry and sexual propriety were constantly encouraged and gradually acquired." How interesting it is that these virtues have so often gone with conventionality, discipline and obedience, and that they have so often been absent among persons regarding themselves as free and enlightened. Shaka's Prussianism was rather a heavy price to pay for them, pleasant as they sound.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Philanthropy Is Not Enough

Abbé Pierre and the Ragpickers. By BORIS SIMON. *Harvill Press.* 15*s.*

Few people in England had heard of the Abbé Pierre before the hard winter of 1954 when his bitter letter of reproach stung a Cabinet Minister into following the coffin of a baby who had died of cold in a derelict bus in Paris. In his own country he was already well-known as a Deputy passionately concerned in social problems and as the founder of "Emmaus," a struggling settlement for down-and-outs and homeless families, on the outskirts of the city. It is these humble beginnings which M. Simon describes in this very readable, and gracefully translated book. The style is perhaps too journalistic and slick for a grim story, only of importance because it is true, but not everyone shares my passion for documentaries. It is only fair to say that the life-histories of these wolfish men have an authentic ring—this is how fate gets one down; this is how men do in fact behave when beaten to their knees. The portrait of the Abbé could not have been drawn except from life; here is a man visibly in union with God, but nobody's fool while he is on this earth.

When a spate of homeless families began to descend on Emmaus, the Abbé's solution was to buy some plots of derelict land and set his crew of vagabonds to build two-roomed flats and houses for the homeless. These wretched people were no vagrants but the dependants of men in full work, compelled by the housing shortage to walk the streets all night, or to camp out under an old tarpaulin. These tragic conditions should be seen as the results, not only of the ravages of two wars, but of many years of neglect of the housing problem. France had made a magnificent job in the early Twenties of the restoration of her devastated areas, and then apparently wearied in well-doing and allowed her housing programme to get lost in the endless maze of party politics. Whereas England built four million houses between the wars, France seems to have built only one. Since the second world war, the provinces have seen many fine projects energetically carried out. Paris remained a black spot.

Everyone has noticed on approaching the city that notorious belt of shanty towns, devoid of any civilised amenities, where thousands of families lived more or less permanently, and thousands of vagrants made their winter quarters. Of recent years the neglected legal regulations were belatedly enforced, and the zone cleared of squatters, but the unfortunate creatures had nowhere to go except into the already overcrowded city. "Outside Paris in the broad daylight the scandal was too apparent. In Paris scattered misery dispersed and drowned in the crowd is less noticeable," comments M. Simon bitterly. Some 200,000 adults and more than 600,000 children were now packed into hotels, furnished rooms and insanitary slums. "In Montreuil,

ALDOUS HUXLEY

The Genius and the Goddess

'The best novel he has written since the "twenties."' *John Betjeman*

'Those who have been despairing over the decline of the novel may here find encouragement . . . the most perfect imaginative work that Mr. Huxley has yet given us: simple, complete, and moving.' *Edwin Muir*

7*s.* 6*d. net.*

PÄR LAGERKVIST

The Marriage Feast

'A translation for which we should be grateful.' *Times*

'These stories speak to and hold the imagination.' *Scotsman*

'At his best—and he won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1951—he is charming and profound.' *Oxford Mail*

12*s.* 6*d. net.*

ANN BRIDGE

Portrait of My Mother

'History as few writers have had the wit or the opportunity to write it: history in the blood.' *Times*

'A vivid sense of enterprise, vitality and enjoyment.' *Times Literary Supplement*

'A piece of biography of quite uncommon excellence.' *Birmingham Post*

Illustrated, 15*s. net.*

PATRICK ANDERSON

Snake Wine

'His record of a lecturer at Singapore University is glowing with colour and sharp with observation . . . what emerges with great power is the appalling difficulty confronting any European who would come to terms with the East.' *Guy Ramsey*

'Curious and extremely readable . . . conspicuously gifted . . . every part of it is gripping.' *Raymond Mortimer*

Illustrated, 16*s. net.*

CHATTO & WINDUS

10,000 homeless people looked for shelter every night. Hotel rooms cost half a man's pay"—and the price of food was appalling. There was no protection against horrible overcrowding or brutal eviction. "When you are building houses for mothers who are sleeping in the open then you know you can't be wrong" became a maxim of Emmaus. In 1951 the Abbé lost his seat as a Deputy and with it the only steady income Emmaus enjoyed. The shifts which this indomitable priest adopted to keep his community in being are, I think, unique in the records of philanthropy. He begged in cafés, he took part in a circus quiz programme, he traded in junk. When the tight fist of the public refused to loosen, he led his comrades on scavenging expeditions on the dustbins and garbage heaps of Paris. This revolting trade (which from M. Simon's account is still carried on in Paris under conditions long since forbidden here, for reasons mercifully withheld from the public) proved sufficiently remunerative to keep the community on its feet. It would even seem that the Abbé found he could help his fellow men better by raking in rotten garbage than by sitting as a Deputy; some 180 homes had been built when the baby's death changed the situation overnight. Deluged by a conscience-stricken public with old clothes and postal orders to the value of £400,000, he was compelled to build up a new organisation. Even the Government came to life and secured funds for the immediate construction of several "emergency cities" near Paris.

"It was no sudden impulse without a future," says M. Simon of these reactions, and every lover of France will hope he is right. No nation has ever housed its poorer citizens decently by private enterprise or on charitable subscriptions; something more than emergency legislation is needed for sound housing schemes. The necessary taxation to overtake arrears will be formidable, and one wonders where Poujadism fits into all this. Two morals stand out from this minor saga of sanctity. First, that it is a sad business if in any community the fate of the destitute and homeless depends on emotion; surely the provision of State aid should be as binding an obligation on the citizens of a civilised community as contributing to charity? Secondly, that a nation is wise not to wait for a second St. Vincent de Paul to come to the rescue of its poor, but should thankfully make-do with—let us say—Lord Silkin and Lord Beveridge.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

African Crossroads

SIR CHARLES DUNDAS

This account of forty years in the Colonial Service in Kenya, Uganda, N. Rhodesia and Tanganyika raises many interesting questions about the future of Africa and her peoples. Illustrated. 18s.

★

The Statesman's Year-Book, 1955

Edited by

S. H. STEINBERG, Ph.D., F.R.Hist.S.

The ninety-second annual issue of this invaluable reference book, which gives statistical and historical information about every country in the world, including the Communist-controlled states. With two maps. 42s.

MACMILLAN

Now They Come to Think of It

Fools of Choice. By PETER DE POLNAY. *Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

My Several Worlds. By PEARL S. BUCK. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

The Woman Within. By ELLEN GLASGOW. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 21*s.*

Tramping the Toby. By JIM PHELAN. *Burke.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Hitler Was My Friend. By HEINRICH HOFFMANN. *Burke.* 16*s.*

Only Mrs. Buck perhaps contains worlds, but others have managed to knock about in them. Mr. de Polnay escaped from a wrapped childhood, "belatedly Edwardian," and fled to South America; Miss Glasgow floated out of Henry James country to seek her own high altar; Mr. Phelan squatted behind bars and now hammers alternately the typewriter and the highway; Hitler's friendship is the dark boast of Herr Hoffmann. All, except the last, have previous claims on us as writers; but these are easily enough resisted by one, like myself, encountering them for the first time.

Mr. de Polnay was really the only one who won me round. I began by disliking him, and I'm not sure that in the end that feeling had changed; it had been pushed out of sight by enjoyment. He bums around irresistibly, sniffs existence, thrills to women and horses—the order of preference being the most un-English thing about him—and enjoys the innocence of those who have known riches and will return to them. He is adroit, wears his emotions seamy side out, maintains a sort of raffish heroism. He sticks to the companion who will rob him of everything. He walks into a casino with the system that cannot fail to lose. He cleans trams at night in São Paulo, and swims a mare in a vast swift-flowing river, helping cattle across. Prostitutes try to make him their man, a daughter of the Jockey Club is (for several days) his fiancée. He haunts the parks. One of his workmates told him this story:

> An Italian, out of work and homeless, used to sleep in the park with his wife. Another Italian in the same predicament used to sit on the same bench with them. All three of them were starving, yet in those terrible circumstances the wife fell in love with the other Italian, and she left the husband for him.
>
> "Where did they go?" I asked.
>
> "They slept on benches in a different part of the park."

Many of these happenings the author shares with his brother, a tall and rigidly honourable man, whose funeral years later in England supplies a pensive farewell. Mr. de Polnay's memories of his early twenties are quite extraordinarily vivid; had he been writing a novel we should have complimented him on his continuous flow of invention. He almost sees himself from the outside, and the reader is left free—like the author—to dissociate himself from this seeker after jobs and adventure.

The worlds of Mrs. Pearl Buck are China and U.S.A. Her account of childhood in the first, of her missionary parents, and the changes from old regime to new, are quite fascinating: she knew the world of the Dowager Empress, and the first shock she received was to hear "foreign devil" cried after her in the street. Where the fascination of the book begins to wear off it would be hard to say—perhaps with marriage and a husband never named and rarely spoken of. Personal feeling widens into impersonal sympathy, and though one learns a great deal about changing manners and government in China, the stately progress of the writer towards causes and success is slightly enervating. The latter part of these maternal pages is, however, unexpectedly enlivened by a visit to the Webbs.

> Everybody was waiting, two maids, a dog and another guest, an American man, and almost at once we were seated at table, Mrs. Webb still in the mobcap, whose ruffle hung over her face to the extent of reminding one of the Marchioness and Dick Swiveller. Of that memorable day I actually remember only these, to me amazing, incidents. In the middle of the luncheon conversation which consisted of a duet between the Webbs while the two guests listened, the American, a rather stolid and humourless young man, new to England, startled us all by mishandling the siphon bottle of soda water and accidentally releasing a volume of fizzing water full into Sidney Webb's face. He was talking at the time, and the American was so aghast at what had happened that he could not instantly remove his finger from the siphon. Streams of water dripped down Sidney Webb's cheeks, wet his beard and fell into his plate. He gave one subdued gasp and then went straight on as though nothing was happening. Mrs. Webb, too, sternly ignored the incident, her attention to her food resolutely unshaken, while one maid snatched the bottle from the American and the other seized Sidney Webb's plate. Mrs. Webb then took over the conversation with courage while Sidney Webb wiped his face surreptitiously with his napkin, his interest fixed politely upon what she was saying. The American was speechless and so continued to the end of the meal.

The visit concluded with a brisk walk (for the sake of Sidney's health—who hated it) and this parting shot from Mrs. Webb: "Now why, why didn't you put any homosexuality into your *Good Earth*? Because it's there, you know, among the men!" Rather taken aback Mrs. Buck murmured that she "never thought of it." "Ah, you should think." A few more such memorable days, and I should have been Mrs. Pearl Buck's devoted reader for life.

The Woman Within comes, ten years after its author's death, with a rather absurd reverence that is not lessened by the references to her own achievement.

> After *Barren Ground*, which I had gathered up, as a rich harvest, from the whole of my life, I had written and published two comedies of manners: *The Romantic Comedians* (surely, as many critics have said, a flawless work of its kind) and *They Stooped to Folly*. In the early nineteen-thirties, I wrote *The Sheltered Life* and *Vein of Iron*. As a whole, these novels represent, I feel, not only the best that was in me, but some of the best work that has been done in American fiction.

It may be so; though the devotional high tone of this "inner life" is unlikely to persuade an ignorant reader.

I prefer Mr. Phelan—whom, by the way, I *have* read a little. His reminiscences of tramping—a life almost vanished—reveal as romantically as possible a world of paddincans (cheap lodgings), postmen and padmen (tramps fast-moving and slow), gipsies, and castle-raps—"visits to opulent residences, unbriefed." Among castle-raps are classed dealings with editors and publishers, and Mr. Phelan maintains that "lines of guff" and saleable fiction spring from much the same sources and observe the same laws. He is scrappy, boastful, perhaps unreliable, but—thank Heaven—readable.

Herr Hoffmann is, apparently, "the world's most famous photographer"; and it is for his photographs, 100 in number, that this book will appeal. Here are Hitler coming out of prison, Hitler taking the dog for a run, Hitler with a lemonade or on the sea-front, as well as dancing over the fall of France. Such a good chap; and it was Herr Hoffmann who stopped him—so he says—from invading us in 1941.

G. W. STONIER

Chartism Up to Date

The Art of Investment. By A. G. ELLINGER. *Bowes & Bowes.* 15s.

This slender volume should be promptly put on the index by all NEW STATESMAN readers, for its purpose is utterly immoral by Socialist standards. The author has spent ten years of his life in devising ways of making bloated capitalists still more bloated and—what is worse—he is proud of his skill and invites us all to benefit by it. Of course, in order to profit by Mr. Ellinger's system, one must have capital to start with. And that, for the private individual today, means either luck or wickedness. Between the rising cost of living and the heavy ceiling of taxation no one can be expected to hoard out of income more than enough to buy a small motor car. To have money to play with one must inherit it, win a pool or rob a bank. Who, then, are Mr. Ellinger's clients? The bloated capitalists for whom he mostly caters are banks, investment trusts, insurance companies and similar impersonal entities. Why, he might even be consulted by the National Union of Mineworkers who have ninety million pounds in their Pension Fund to invest and naturally do not want to lose a penny if they can help it. We are stuck in a capitalist world, and as long as that lasts Mr. Ellinger can teach us how to make the best of the bad business.

The London Stock Exchange has often been likened to a casino; and it must be admitted that both institutions offer similar facilities for speculation. But the operator at roulette has never invented a system to break the bank: he may be lucky but he can't be clever. Nothing short of precognition will surmount the immutable laws of chance. On the other hand, dealing in stocks and shares need not be plain guesswork. The day-by-day fluctuations in prices are recorded as faithfully as the winning numbers at the tables of Monte Carlo, and certain patterns have been seen to emerge. Hence the chartists, the devotees of Dow-Jones and Moody, who ponder over their graphs and establish their trends, primary, secondary and tertiary. Having done this, they proceed to impose their triangles, their lines and their parallels, which enable them to draw profitable conclusions. Viewed as a scientific enterprise, chartism is about as respectable as alchemy, but in practice it has proved somewhat more successful in making money. Yet the laborious calculations it involves and the horrid jargon it employs are enough to daunt anyone who is not desperately in need of cash. "Sometimes tight little tertiary triangles appear near a share's upper or lower parallel"—and put money in your pocket if you know how to handle them.

Mr. Ellinger himself is not a hide-bound chartist—he constantly refers to "the chartist myth"—but he does regard carefully compiled graphs as invaluable adjuncts to any sound principles of investment. He advocates, however, that a little common sense be applied to interpreting those wiggling lines on squared paper and that the prudent investor should defy the academic rules occasionally. He is asking a lot! There is something mesmeric about the study of charts. Once in their grip the human being sinks to the level of an electronic brain responding automatically to the signals fed into him. Moreover, any individual so bold as to flout the oracle of the graph is faced by the depressing thought that when he is buying his shares every chartist in the market will be selling, and vice versa.

Naturally, the question one would like to ask Mr. Ellinger is how long will the present boom on the Stock Exchange last. Even as an enlightened chartist, he will refuse to commit himself beyond the evidence of his charts. The *Financial Times* Ordinary Share Index is hovering near its all-time high, Mr. Ellinger's own special barometer of Confidence is at set fair. The built-in stabilisers in our Keynesian economy have been tested of recent years and proved equal to their task. And yet! There has never been a primary uptrend that has failed to turn down; and when the turn comes, as Mr. Ellinger is bound to believe it most certainly will, one hopes one will have the strength of mind to listen to his advice. Sell the lot.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

The Chinese Establishment

A Short History of Confucian Philosophy. By LIU WU-CHI. *Penguin Books.* 2s. 6d.

If Taoism represents the poetical, romantic, bohemian side of the Chinese make-up, Confucianism stands for morality, humanism, family life, ritualism—in short, for the established order. For centuries Confucians controlled education, manned the administration, wrote the history-books and set the moral tone of society. Understandably, a description of the synthesis of philosophy, cult, learning, tradition and social behaviour which we call Confucianism and for which the Chinese have no single name, is extremely difficult to write, because of the amorphous, all-pervading nature of the subject. Dr. Liu has wisely limited this book to a study of the philosophy of Confucianism, and has devoted the greater part of it to the first few hundred years of its development. Histories of philosophy can make very dull and wearisome reading, but this one is readable and well-arranged, though, perhaps inevitably, somewhat superficial and a little out of date in some of its conclusions.

The author shows his Confucian sympathies by doing rather less than justice to rival philosophies. Politically, Confucianism "won" during the course of the Han dynasty, and retained its ascendancy for two millenia. But the *philosophy* went through long periods of eclipse and stagnation. One would scarcely imagine, from reading this book, that almost all the important philosophical contributions to Chinese thought from the fourth to the ninth centuries were made by Taoist metaphysicians and Buddhist monks. Nor is it quite true that the Ch'ing dynasty was totally unproductive philosophically. I would willingly have traded the four pages on that tedious prig Han Yü for a page or two on the philosophy of Tai Chen.

There is one trifling point which puzzled me a good deal. Why was it "smug" of the Latin-writing Jesuits to transform K'ung-fu-tzu to "Confucius"? Messrs. K'ung and Meng do not make for clarity in an otherwise popular work.

DAVID HAWKES

The Elusive Leader

Franco of Spain. By S. F. A. COLES. *Spearman.* 21s.

Franco has now been in power for sixteen years, cannily guiding a mixed team of Monarchists, Church and Falange—any one of which would be ready to break away if the chance offered. He came through the World War with no irrevocable commitments to the Axis Powers. Though he now has a strong line in anti-Communism, he could very probably survive the establishment of a period of real co-existence. At the age of sixty-four, he looks set for as long a run as any modern dictator.

He owes much to luck and circumstance. In 1936 he was known only as a brilliant career officer, with a record of brutal suppression in the Asturias and a specialised knowledge of North African warfare. But sudden death or imprisonment removed the senior leaders of the revolt and Franco, as the commander of the Moroccan levies essential to its success, went almost naturally to the top. His only near rival, the fire-eating General Mola, was killed in an air accident in the second year of the Civil War. After its end, the exhaustion of Spain made it easy for Franco to consolidate his position, but to hold it has

JUST PUBLISHED

Liszt

by **SACHEVERELL SITWELL**

A reissue of Sacheverell Sitwell's well-known biography of Lizt which has been out of print for some years. This new edition, which is entirely reset, has been revised by the author, who has contributed a new long Introduction; it also has 14 pages of completely new illustrations. This is the best study that has appeared of Liszt and is an outstanding biography of a man who had, beyond any doubt, the most picturesque career of any of the great composers, but it will appeal to a far wider audience than the music lover.

30/- *net.*

Scottish Poetry:

A CRITICAL SURVEY

Edited by JAMES KINSLEY

A survey of Scottish poetry which takes account of modern scholarship, and extends beyond the Union, or Burns, or Scott, to our own time, has long been needed by both the professional student and the literary public. This book consists of a series of independently written essays in historical sequence which provide a critical assessment of Scotland's best poets in their cultural context. There is an abundance of illustrative quotation from poetry which is unfamiliar or difficult of access. 30/- *net.*

"Mr. Auden's excellent selection should be read by everyone."

EDWIN MUIR, *Observer*

Kierkegaard

A selection from his philosophical and theological writings, chosen and introduced by

W. H. AUDEN

"I think Mr. Auden's Kierkegaard anthology is a book to stand beside the 'Pensées' of Pascal." *Manchester Guardian.*

"Mr. Auden has made his selection with the aim of presenting the essential Kierkegaard in a small book. He succeeds, largely because of his introductory essay, especially his exposition of Kierkegaard's *three categories*, and his concise summary of Christian Existentialism." *Truth.* 12/6 *net.*

CASSELL

represented an increasingly difficult feat of balancing which has called for much more than luck. Patience and astuteness have been even more important. Part of Franco's success is due to the way in which he has identified himself with a national *Movimiento*, of which he appears as the guardian rather than the leader. But the hollowness of the situation lies in the fact that there is no goal towards which the Movement can move—either back towards a generally desirable past, or forward to any agreed point which is not the maintenance of the *status quo*. Without Franco, it would disintegrate into conflicting interests, so that the personality of the *Caudillo* is at least as essential to the Movement as this is to him.

There is by now plenty of material on which to base an objective study of Franco's considerable achievements as a politician. It could be instructive and even thrilling. But Mr. Coles, while constantly protesting his impartiality, has produced a work of journalistic hagiography based far too often on hearsay quoted from the English popular press. And when he writes from personal experience, it is in such irrelevant connections that one is reminded of the gossip column:

> Through the intervention of the British Commission for the exchange of Spanish war prisoners over which Chetwode had presided (to whom I had once lent the saddle-blanket of my horse when he was carried off the field after being heavily thrown at a jump during a meet of the New Delhi Hunt, under the mastership of the then Viceroy, Lord Irwin—today Viscount Halifax, K.G.)—four hundred of the large number of prisoners who had been sentenced to death for proved crimes had had their sentences remitted.

The book is clogged with digressions of this value. At first one suspects the conjuror's manipulation under the cloak of patter. But alas, the author is not getting at us. He is only filling space. Meanwhile Franco, the ostensible subject of this "first full-length biography," stands neglected and far more elusive than before.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

CENTRAL CB BOOKS

For the first time in Britain

Questions and Answers on

THE SOVIET ELECTORAL LAW

by A. Y. Vyshinsky

Price 4d Post 2d

★

Now Available—as amended at the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. in April 1954—the full text of:

CONSTITUTION of the U.S.S.R.

Price 2d Post 3d.

CENTRAL BOOKS LTD

Dept. D., 2 Parton Street, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1

New Novels

Something of Value. By ROBERT RUARK. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*

Living in the Present. By JOHN WAIN. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Temptation of Roger Heriott. By EDWARD NEWHOUSE. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Something of Value is a very long novel—543 pages of it. It is also a very ambitious one: Mr. Ruark sets out to give us a picture in human terms of life and conditions in Kenya at the present time, to explain Mau Mau and to account for its origins. The novel is being much praised, in my view grotesquely over-praised. Admittedly, *Something of Value* poses for the reviewer a problem that is not entirely literary. Mr. Ruark plainly has a genuine feeling for the African landscape and the animals that inhabit it; much the best parts of his novel are those dealing with big-game hunting, though in his rendering of the African scene and its wild life he doesn't begin to compare, for instance, with Colonel van der Post. As a novelist, he is no great shakes: his characters are conceived in novelettish terms; they read like the offspring of a misalliance between a disciple of Mr. Hemingway and one of the more fervent writers of serials for women's magazines:

> She had her mother's blue-black hair, and her mother's great violet eyes, and her mother's tremulous smile, and her mother's translucent skin that never tanned, and her mother's fine jaw, and her mother's unbending will, and some quality of sweetness that Henry McKenzie had never quite understood, some mocking sweetness that made small and gawky boys of men. Lisa McKenzie was eighteen and a bit. Next week she would marry Jeff Newton, and Henry McKenzie silently said thank God.

Writing such as that hardly inspires one with confidence in an author's ability to interpret human nature; and so far as tone and sensibility go *Something of Value* is a thoroughly vulgar and banal production. There remains the documentary side of the book. Here I must admit that I know no more about Mau Mau than anyone else who must depend upon press and wireless for his information, though when I read such an article as Sir Philip Mitchell's on Mau Mau in this journal some weeks ago it seems that in this respect we are all, laymen and experts alike, in the one boat together. Mr. Ruark's point of view is made plain in his foreword: "To understand Africa you must understand a basic impulsive savagery that is greater than anything we 'civilised' people have encountered in two centuries." Why "in two centuries" rather than in one or three or four I cannot think. If evil is going to be compared with evil, I must confess I am much more impressed by the evil of the Nazis—scarcely more than ten years ago, not two hundred—than by that of men who, in the elegant words of the hero, "aren't very far away from the baboons." Indeed, without in any way failing to recognise the evil of Mau Mau, one gets the impression, from Mr. Ruark's own account of it, that Mau Mau is in a sense religious in origin, even though it is the perversion of religion by despair. And this comes out quite strikingly by comparison with Mr. Ruark's descriptions of idyllic settler life, idylls of the grossest materialism. Mr. Ruark's conception of the good life appears to be as debased as his prose style. In point of fact, when they wreak their vengeance on Mau Mau prisoners, the settlers, according to Mr. Ruark, are hardly the inferiors of the Mau Mau in basic savagery.

But what, according to Mr. Ruark, are the political implications of Mau Mau? It seems characteristic of him that one of his characters should refer to Kenyatta's *Facing Mount Kenya* as the book "the Russian wrote an introduction to." It was, of course, Malinowski who wrote the introduction, and Malinowski was not a Russian. It comes as no surprise when we find a Russian—and an Indian—in the innermost conclave of the planners of the Mau Mau rising. Were they in fact there? I do not know. One can only think that if they were, the rising would have been more purposive and more effective. "We believe the hideous depths of the evil which inspires Mau Mau has been realised by only a few people in this country, and ought to be more widely made known"—thus the publisher's blurb. No doubt it should be. But what Mr. Ruark has done, however unwittingly, if his account of Kenya is just, is to expose the spiritual bankruptcy of the Whites. Here is some dialogue after a "beat," *i.e.* a massacre of Kikuyu by settlers:

> "I suppose we'll hang some day for this do if the Socialists ever get in. Mustn't go about clobbering Wogs, not if you take the modern view. 'Tisn't sporting. Doesn't conform with the aims of Attlee and the United Nations. Not to mention old Nehru."
>
> "I'm just sorry the Wahindi aren't more directly mixed up in the Mau Mau. Be such a pleasure, *such* a pleasure."
>
> "If we have many more days like this one they'll be shoving Mau Mau on license, and it'll cost you an extra seventy-five quid for the second one, like elephant. . . ."

"Basic impulsive savagery", did he say? I think Mr. Ruark has a nerve. But then I also think his novel nothing more than a work of the sheerest sensationalism.

Ah, that second novel! How often it proves a trip-wire after the brilliant first. Really, looking back to *Hurry on Down* and contemplating *Living in the Present*, the best thing we can do now is to pin our faith in Mr. Wain's third. *Living in the Present* is a sad disappointment. Its hero Edgar Banks, a schoolmaster who hates his job and his boss and who has lost his mistress, determines to commit suicide and at the same time redeem his act by killing someone whose death will most benefit life. He picks out a neo-Fascist poet whom he pursues across Europe; but he is as incompetent at murder as he is in the ordinary conduct of affairs, and in the end he is brought back to his job and reconciled to life by the love of a good woman. The novel begins with a fine show of exasperation with society, and there are moments of amusing farce, most of which seem suggested by recollections of the monstrous urchins in Giles's cartoons. Beyond these, and a general air of frenetic energy, I found little in the novel, for what happens in it does not appear to me to have any relation to anything of observable importance in the world in which we live. *Hurry on Down* seemed to promise that in Mr. Wain we might have the Smollett of our day. It is not too late yet; but better, perhaps, forget about *Living in the Present*.

The Temptation of Roger Heriott is also a second novel. Mr. Newhouse writes with elegance and precision. His novel is a civilised work. All the same it is difficult, on the evidence of this novel alone, to understand how both Dylan Thomas and George Orwell could write such rave notices of his first book as are quoted on the dust-jacket of this. The temptations that assail the hero, who is secretary of a foundation in New York that awards scholarships to promising violinists, do not strike one as especially perilous. The novel is most interesting as a new presentation of the Responsible Man, who, along with the Man in the Impossible Position, with whom he has affinities, has become a favourite hero of contemporary novelists. Apart from that, *The Temptation of Roger Heriott* is very much a hymn in praise of the domestic life and the domestic virtues. Admirable, of course; but as this novel reveals quite uncritically, they merge at one end of their range into the world of Gracious Living; and that is not so admirable.

WALTER ALLEN

Faulkner's County, a fictional "omnibus" based on Mr. William Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County, is published this week (Chatto & Windus, 15*s.*) It includes the novel *As I Lay Dying*, four long stories, a number of short stories and the writer's Nobel Prize speech.

Shorter Reviews

The Carlton Club. By SIR CHARLES PETRIE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30*s.*

At a meeting of die-hard Tories on March 10, 1832, it was decided to form a club to fight the Reform Bill, which had been introduced the day before in the House of Commons by Lord Grey's government. The Carlton Club thus originated has been fighting reform ever since its foundation with indifferent success. But its palmy days are over. In the blitz of 1940 its premises in Pall Mall were destroyed; its fine library has had to be dispersed; and at its new quarters in St. James's Street Sir Charles Petrie complains that members are more interested in social amenities than in discussing the evils of Socialism.

The author of this history of the Club is a stern unbending Tory himself, who carries his reactionary sentiments to Jacobite lengths (he refers to George III as "not the legitimate sovereign"); but his account of the stirring times when the Carlton exercised a malign influence in politics is remarkably jejune. From the minute books of the General Committee of the Club put at his disposal he has extracted much amusing but trivial information about the helpings of rice pudding, the size of tarts, the cost of servants and the price of chops in that golden age. Some of the more erratic members also got into the minutes. There was Sir John Cave, who was mad and arrived drunk every day. Ought his male nurse to wait in the hall for him or outside? There was the member who treated his cabman to a glass of brandy and water inside the sacred portals. And there was Lord Salisbury who "wilfully broke down" the dinner boards in the dining-room two nights running, for reasons never divulged. Such peccadilloes may raise a smile but were common enough incidents in the club life of Victorian England.

The General Committee merely ran the domestic life of the Club. It was the Political Committee of the Carlton who selected Tory candidates at elections and did its best to return them to Parliament by fair means or foul. Large funds were known to pass through the hands of this body, yet nobody ever discovered where the money went. Bribery at elections was alleged and it was believed that the Carlton employed spies to unearth discreditable information about their political enemies—"Carlton runners." Here Sir Charles fails us, as no minutes of the Political Committee survive. Either he has been unable to discover anything about the secret activities of these important gentry or he is far too loyal a Tory to reveal his knowledge.

Portrait of my Mother. By ANN BRIDGE. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

The life of this lady—a Southern belle before she became an English chatelaine and a fertile Victorian matron—is really of a kind more familiar in fiction. She was the seventh child of an old Southern American slave-owning family. (In later days she would never allow her own children to read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. "'An untruthful book'," the author reports her mother as saying, "her fine level lips closing in a sharp line—'written by a foolish presumptuous woman'.") During the Civil War she had been packed off to a New England boarding school—an uncomfortable position for one of her political loyalities—but thereafter returned to New Orleans, to a house "full of lace and fans and freed slaves". In spite of the town's quite extraordinary drainage and the general post-war confusion, it was a wonderful place for a lively girl with its operas, carnivals, balls and masquerades.

However, this exotic life soon came to an end, for at nineteen the pretty, wilful creature met and married a peremptory young Englishman and settled down in the mild English countryside with a household of servants, an increasing number of children, and her irascible husband, who was busily making (and sometimes losing) a great deal of money on the international metal market. This difficult man had the domineering and possessive pride in his large family that so often, in the philoprogenitive, passes for affection. Though he forbade theatre-going and was a rigid sabbatarian, he would have all of post-cradle age at the evening dinner table, whoever were the guests—and they were many. These children had, moreover, with their father's journeys (to Russia or America) and the far-flung European marriages of the many relations, unusual opportunities for travel and living abroad, until wars and financial losses and deaths put an end to such pleasures. But, like so many members of large families, very few of them in adult life chose to marry; only one, the author, provided the prolific parents with grandchildren. Is it really a portrait that Miss Bridge has drawn, or is the canvas too crowded for that? She is too experienced a novelist not to keep her readers interested and diverted, but she tells her stories with a most perplexing disregard for clarity; and often the effect is not at all what she has intended. The feudal anecdotes about servants draw attention, rather, to the curious meannesses of the very rich. And it is without irony that she commends her father's generosity in allowing his wife to spend money (he was then making more than £80,000 a year) on planting roses and playing the Lady Bountiful to the village poor.

Science and Christian Belief. By C. A. COULSON. *Oxford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Coulson, eminent in both science and Methodism, scorns "the God of the gaps," the attempt to find room for religion in science's omissions or inconsistencies: "either God is in the whole of nature, with no gaps, or He is not there at all." Science is "one part of religion, and the splendour, the power, the dynamic and progressive character of science are nothing but the splendour and the power and the dynamic character of God, progressively revealed to us." Religion is the larger, stereoscopic, synoptic vision, "the total response of man to all his environment." Science has limited aims; religion tries to deal with the variety and magnitude of human experience. So Professor Coulson passes "through natural theology to Christian belief," finding through science a reality which is "given" or "revealed," a unity which must be expressed in terms which are "at least personal." And finally, "all life is sacramental; all nature is needed that Christ should be understood; Christ is needed that all nature should be seen as holy."

It is a moving personal testimony of faith, backed by many, almost too many, quotations from other believing scientists. Many contemporary theologians might query its exclusive reliance on natural theology and its meagre Christology; but a recent Oxford Union debate on science and religion, decisively swayed by a speech by Professor Coulson, seems to indicate that modern youth is still moved more by the scientific than the neo-orthodox approach to faith.

Bryn Roberts and the National Union of Public Employees. By W. W. CRAIK. *Allen & Unwin.* 16*s.*

Despite its forbidding title and its rather dreary style, this book is both important and interesting to anyone who seriously discusses trade unionism. Mr. Roberts, a former miner who once competed against Aneurin Bevan for the candidacy at Ebbw Vale, is that comparatively rare creature—a Socialist who has remained a Socialist through a lifetime of union organising. Becoming general secretary of N.U.P.E. in 1934, when it had less than 13,000 members, he has built it into the ninth largest union affiliated to the T.U.C., with a membership now approaching 200,000. It has, in fact, grown faster than any other union in recent years, partly because it has taken the trouble to bring in small pockets of previously unorganised workers. It has grown, moreover, in the face of persistent unfriendliness from the two giant general unions, both of which have carried their opposition to the point of keeping Mr. Roberts from the place on the T.U.C. General Council which by his record and by his enlightened approach to union problems should undoubtedly be his.

The story set out in this book has a certain topicality, because it explains how the Bridlington Agreement of 1938—which has been used to force the Northern stevedores out of the N.A.S.D.—was originally conceived as a means of restricting the

The Usurpers

CZESLAW MILOSZ

author of The Captive Mind

★ PRIX LITTÉRAIRE EUROPÉEN joint-winner.

★ DAILY TELEGRAPH—"Unforgettable . . . Milosz has made his theme universal . . . Characters agonisingly sharp-drawn."

★ NEW YORK TIMES—"An amazing and heart-breaking experience."

★ IGNAZIO SILONE—"Gripping scenes of military action alternate with sections of purest poetry." 12/6

The Young Worker of Today

A new type

KARL BEDNARIK

This challenging book is immediately relevant to the industrial scene today. Written against a Continental background it shows the impact of the Welfare State on the attitude of the young worker to his employment and his place in mass society. *Preface by* J. P. MAYER. 10/6

The Grass Roots of Art

HERBERT READ

Lectures on the social aspects of art in an industrial age. A revised and enlarged edition. *With* 32 *plates.* 18/-

Scribbling, Drawing, Painting

The early forms of the child's pictorial creativeness

WOLFGANG GRÖZINGER

Dr Grözinger explains simply and directly the child's symbolic language of form, tracing the progress from early scribbles to more elaborate creative efforts. SIR HERBERT READ contributes a Preface. *With 7 plates, 4 in colour, and many line drawings.* 15/-

The Tree of Idleness

LAWRENCE DURRELL

★ CHOICE of The Poetry Book Society.

★ LISTENER—"Here is the perfect book of summer verse."

★ SPECTATOR—"This volume gives great pleasure to read."

★ TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT—"These poems successfully combine sensuous charm with intellectual force." 8/6

FABER & FABER

Here's the most sought after Sherry in all Spain

—now available in England in limited quantities

YOU OWE YOURSELF THE PLEASURE OF

Garvey's FINO SAN PATRICIO

IMPORTED BY MATTHEW CLARK & SONS LTD.
110 CANNON ST, LONDON, E.C.4

ATOMS FOR PEACE—By Whaley-Eaton Service, Washington, the oldest private advisory organisation in the U.S.A. A timely, specialised-business-service providing: Information on nuclear developments; paths of research currently under exploration; investment potentials; privately collected data, estimates, business intelligence on the world's most fascinating new industry. Covering government policy, legislation, regulation throughout the world; includes personalised coverage of Atoms-for-Peace Conference, Geneva, Switzerland, Aug. 8-20. Fee to October 1, 1955, £40, send order, payable British funds, to: Whaley-Eaton Corporation, c/o National City Bank of New York, 117 Old Broad Street, London, E.C.2.

OUTPOST BERLIN

PETER K. ORTON — ARNO SCHOLZ

"An admirably produced picture book of Berlin with a well-written and informative text. This book brings back all the drama and the little incidents of the city as it was left by the bombing and carries the Berlin story up to the present day."— *(Time and Tide, London)*

180 pages 17/6 (U.S.A. $2.95) 274 photos

ORTON 4 & 5 FITZROY SQ. **PRESS** LONDON W.1

expansion of N.U.P.E. Now that a current court case has suggested that the strict enforcement of the Bridlington rules is illegal—and it is ironic that the test case should have been brought against N.U.P.E.—the whole question may be reopened. If British trade unionism is to be brought into line with modern conditions, it must be in the direction that Mr. Roberts has consistently advocated, and that is some form of industrial unionism. That is why one should study this book by Mr. Craik, who was the principal of the Labour College when Bevan and Roberts were students there.

An Introduction to Journalism. By E. H. BUTLER. *Allen & Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

Young men wishing to cut a dash in Fleet Street will be discouraged by this book, which assumes that every reporter begins his career with a long and sober apprenticeship in the provinces. This, unfortunately, is no longer true. The best-paid jobs are not now acquired by patient merit, rapidity of shorthand or a reputation for minute accuracy; the required qualities are a forceful personality and the ability to walk tight-ropes. A Fleet Street man who followed the advice in Mr. Butler's chapter on the law of Libel ("avoid writing about other people those things you would not like written about yourself") would be out of work in a week.

There are, however, plenty of reporters who have no ambition to work on a "national" newspaper, and to such men—Mr. Butler ignores the existence of women reporters—this little manual will be a useful guide. It explains how to get the most out of the nightly calls to the Police and the hospitals, encourages the use of simple English, suggests tactful methods of interviewing, and stresses the reporter's responsibility, not only to his paper, but to the district which it serves. All this is excellent, but it disingenuously assumes an isolation from what Miss Stella Gibbons once called "the vulgar and meaningless bustle" which characterises the higher reaches of the profession. At a time when many reporters on local papers also work on lineage rates for the "nationals," it is not realistic to write about provincial journalism, upright and temperate though it may be, without mentioning its flashy relative in London. There is still room for a definitive guide to journalism, but it will not be written until reporters learn to look at their own profession with more candour.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,326

Set by Hilbrian

Everyone knows the nature rhyme about the cuckoo, beginning "In April come I will" and ending "In August go I must". The usual prizes are offered for rhymes (limit, 12 lines) on the habits and character of any one of the following: sparrow, owl, domestic hen, pigeon, turkey, swallow, nightingale. Entries by August 2nd.

Result of No. 1,323

Set by P. Primrose

In the announcement of a sale of part of Bowood the "Big House" is already demolished into such component parts as doorways and panelling and architraves and, "Lot No. 288: The Entire South Elevation." Competitors are invited to compose a threnody on this disintegration of the mansion, in the style of any one of the following: Sir Thomas Browne, William Cowper, Edmund Burke, Henry James, Osbert Sitwell, Walter de la Mare, John Betjeman. Limit, 150 words of prose, or 16 lines of verse.

Report

Most competitors took the point that this was not a lament for a straightforward, even less an appropriate death. Irony must be the note struck on the theme, such as Allan M. Laing assumed for his Sir Thomas Browne:

> Were it not better than this that fire or gunpowder should erase it, leaving the Memory of Greatness whole? A Chimneypiece here and a Portico there, a Doorway or a Panel wrenched from the parent Body—is this a fitting manner to deal with a dying Masterpiece?

And the same authentic touch of professional imagery is well caught by Vera Telfer's

> . . . each separate Limb and Organ bartered in the Market Place to Butchers, aping Anatomists, who fondly think that, in examining the Part, they can comprehend the Whole.

The few who tried Burke or Henry James, however, failed to produce anything more than the shell of stylistic idiosyncrasy: none of the magnificent swell of scorn and regret which would rise to its height at the comparison between present and past; or those precise twists of thought unwinding from the obscurity of the Master. Perhaps it was too difficult to consider Burke's imagination kindled except by the tragic fall of a great personality or institution realised in the abstract; and for James it would have to be a house of his own conception. Easier to look at the real Bowood through the gape of a Betjeman couple; or hear the owner's wry reflection:

> "No, I don't regret the East wing—there was never any heat—
> And we had to sell the central block to try and make ends meet . . .
> Of course we miss the gallery—that's number forty-eight.
> They tell me heavy gilded frames are never sold by weight.
> Old boxes by the chapel?—Oh, those rather bulky crates
> Are probably the haunted wing—it's flying to the States."
> (Hazel Archard)

But the listeners and watchers of a de la Mare world inhabit more than just one wing, and their last dirge is that of the house itself:

> Tap, tap, tap went the hammer,
> Tapping on a slab of stone,
> Till bust and mantel and moulding,
> Lintel and roof were gone.
>
> The west wing, yea, the west wing,
> Fell to the hammer blows;
> With the doom of the once-great staircase
> The dust of centuries rose.
>
> (Christine Greenfield)

First prize of three guineas to Edward Blishen; one guinea each to Peter Clarke and Nancy Gunter for giving the different astringencies of Betjeman and de la Mare; half a guinea to Alberick and Agrippus.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

From no enduring hieroglyph do we find, that particles of Pyramids were ever made the objects of common trade; or that Babylon's pendant gardens, as having outflowered their use, formed the stuff of diurnal trade. Rome suffered its Colosseum to stand, nor thought the passage of a few centuries cause for tearing down its applausive tiers. Pisa hath not peddled her tower; nor hath Venice deemed her palaces vendible. It is we alone who disarticulate great homes to please small dealers. Mighty mansions we sell piecemeal; ceilings go for a song, and a snap of the fingers buys the face of a fine house. When longevity is made a merchandise, who can say what shall scape the broker?

EDWARD BLISHEN

That the specificall iniquity of our time is Avarice it needeth no Optick Glass to descry. The Practice of men is conformable to the lament of Propertius;

> *Auro pulsa fides, auro venalia jura*
> *Aurum lex sequitur, mox sine lege pudor.*
>
> For gold is barter'd Faith, and Justice sold,
> Laws flouted, Decency destroy'd, by gold.

That fair buildings be consumed by fire may seem providentiall, as affording occasions for some more glorious Resurrection. Like the fabled Phoenix springing from her ashes, so hath the tincture of

Genius caused a new Saint Paul's to arise from the late holocaust in the Citie. Yet it is, I hold, the lamentable supinity of this age that brings ancient families to be depilators of their own ancestral mansions. How many such are now torn asunder, member by member, nay, stone by stone, for the more enriching of their owners, and the relicks of forgotten times scattered for *mementoes* among the Vulgar.

ALBERICK

JOHN BETJEMAN

Bungalowood, or A Stately Home "adapted to Modern residential requirements."

With a sandwich-lunch and a Thermos, we sat, Myfida and I,
on a mounting-block in the stable yard, as we watched the "Big House" die
in the closing stage of a Golden Age 'neath a leaden Wiltshire sky.

Oh, the dealers and art-historians were having a *splendid* day,
(and the National Buildings Record man kept quoting the P.R.A.) (*i*)
while the clock on the Barry Chapel was ticking our lives away.

* * *

"Going, a fine pine doorway! Come, gents, what am I bid?
"Going, a marble fireplace!"—(It's gone for a thousand quid!)—
And another load for the Brompton Road bumped over the cattle grid.

Oh, Farewell the South Elevation (Lot No. 288)
for a classical portico's "no go" in a modern Welfare State,
though a Windlesham broker's electric logs may glow in an Adam grate.

* * *

Then the clock struck six—and we shuddered, as mallet and crowbar's thrust
toppled the Marquess's pediment in a cloud of choking dust.
(But a bit of the kitchen-garden *may* go to the National Trust!)

(*i*) "Money for Jam!" PETER CLARKE

WALTER DE LA MARE

"All the things that I loved are gone,"
Sighed the Bowood Ghost
"No midnights more shall I droop upon
That carven newel-post."

"Now who will bid for a creaking stair
"And a curtain's silken fold?"
"Alas!" mourned the Ghost, "I trysted there
"And the step my secret told."

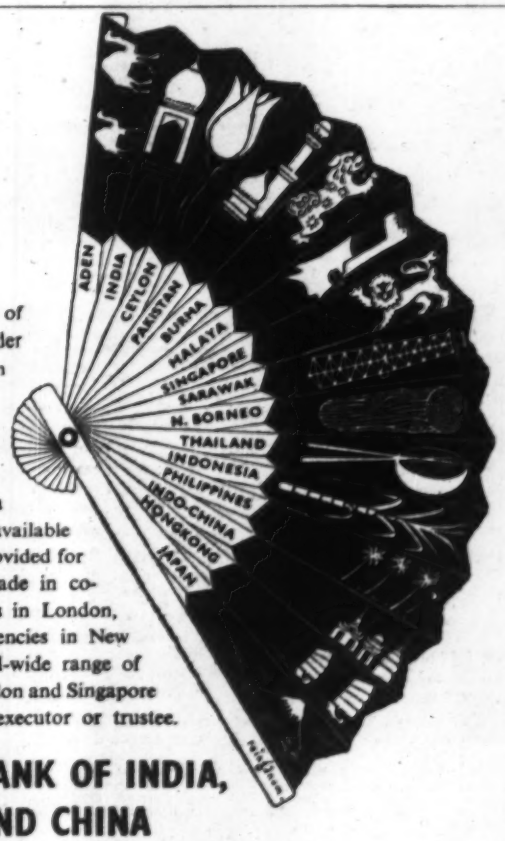
"Now will they seek the Avenue
"To sell the Phantom Hearse?"
"Let them, and they must take me too!"
Growled the Family Curse.

Till owl-light fell all thin and pale,
And dewfall coldly shone
All save shadows were up for sale
And going, going, gone. NANCY GUNTER

Who'll buy a wing?
Who'll buy a floor?
All must be sold
By half-past four!

Who'll buy the shades
Of those who dwelt
In these grave halls
Ere doom was dealt?

Who'll buy the shame
Of these aloof
Unhappy souls?
Who'll buy the roof? AGRIPPUS



Spanning the East

Branches of The Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China under British management directed from London are established in most centres of commercial importance throughout Southern and South Eastern Asia and the Far East. At all these branches a complete banking service is available and, in particular, facilities are provided for the financing of international trade in co-operation with the Bank's offices in London, Manchester and Liverpool, its agencies in New York and Hamburg and a world-wide range of banking correspondents. In London and Singapore the Bank is prepared to act as executor or trustee.

THE CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA AND CHINA

(Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1853)

Head Office: 38 Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2

The Chess Board

No. 303 Blind Eye for Brandy

I might fittingly reverse the headline, for I have to report—as unenviously as possible—how a correspondent was rewarded with some choice brandy by the fellow he had trounced in a blindfold game. Such was the happy lot of Bruce Hayden, and this was the useful little game.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(9) O-O	Q-R3?
(2)	P-Q4	P x P	(10) Q x Kt	Q x BP
(3)	P-QB3	P x P	(11) Kt-Kt5	P-KKt3
(4)	Kt x P	B-Kt5	(12) Kt x BP	Q x R
(5)	B-QB4	Kt-KB3	(13) Kt-Kt5 ch	K-R1
(6)	Kt-B3	Kt x P	(14) Q-K7	Q-Kt2
(7)	Q-Q4	B x Kt ch	(15) B-Kt2!	*That's where the brandy came in.*
(8)	P x B	O-O		

Not so lucrative but none the less pleasing was J. D. Taylor's only appearance in last season's county matches. (He seems to have wangled compassionate leave from the barrack square drill of National Service.)

(1)	P-KB4	P-Q4	(13) Q-R3	P-B3
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	(14) P x KBP	R x P
(3)	P-K3	P-KKt3	(15) Kt-B3	Q-K2
(4)	P-Q4	B-Kt2	(16) B-Q2	P-K4
(5)	B-Q3	O-O	(17) P-K4	P x KP
(6)	QKt-Q2	QKt-Q2	(18) B-B4 ch	K-R1
(7)	O-O	P-B4	(19) Kt-Kt5	Kt-B1
(8)	P-B3	P-QKt3	(20) Kt-B7 ch	K-Kt1
(9)	Kt-K5	B-Kt2	(21) B-Kt5	R x R ch?
(10)	Q-B3	P-K3	(22) R x R	Q-B2
(11)	P-KKt4	Kt x Kt	(23) B-Q8!	Q-Kt1
(12)	BP x Kt	Kt-Q2	(24) Kt-Kt5 ch	resigns.

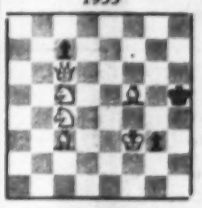
Yet another chessbook token goes to P. C. Wason for this interesting correspondence game.

(1)	Kt-QB3	P-Q4	(16)	P-KKt3	Q-Kt5!
(2)	P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(17)	Kt-KKt5	O-O-O
(3)	B-Kt5	B-B4	(18)	KR-Q1	Q-B5 ch
(4)	P-K3	QKt-Q2	(19)	K-B2	R x Kt
(5)	B-Q3	B-Kt3	(20)	Q x R	Q x Kt
(6)	B x B	RP x B	(21)	Q x P	Q x KtP
(7)	Q-Q3	P-B4	(22)	Q-Q3	R-R1
(8)	P x P	P-K3	(23)	K-Kt2	Kt-Q4
(9)	P-K4	B x P	(24)	K-R1	Kt-B4
(10)	P x P	B x P ch	(25)	Q-B4	P-QKt3
(11)	K-K2	B-R5	(26)	QR-Kt1	Q-K4
(12)	B x B	R x B	(27)	K-Q3	Q-K7
(13)	P x P	Q-K2	(28)	P-KR4	R-B1
(14)	Q-K3	P x P	(29)	R-Q4	Q-B6 ch
(15)	Kt-B3	R-KKt5	(30)	K-B2	Kt-K6
			(31)	resigns.	

A: O. Friedmann 1955

The competition is as completely home-made as it ought to be in a "Readers' Own" week. The 4-pointer is a position which occurred in the recent championship of the National Chess Centre. Dr. Friedmann played Kt x P, and Black, so as to get his P back for what Nimzowitsch would have called the "desperado" Kt, countered Kt x KtP. How was he forced to resign next move? B is a neat sui-mate in 10 by one of our most assiduous ladder-heroes. I hope it is not too difficult for 6 ladder-points, but C—White to win—is hardly a bargain at 7. The author's *nom de plume* adorns one of our crack-solvers, and his piece was inspired by one of our recent Gulaev studies.

B: J. R. Harman 1955



C: "Rook's Pawn" 1955

Usual prizes. Entries by August 2.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 300. Set July 2

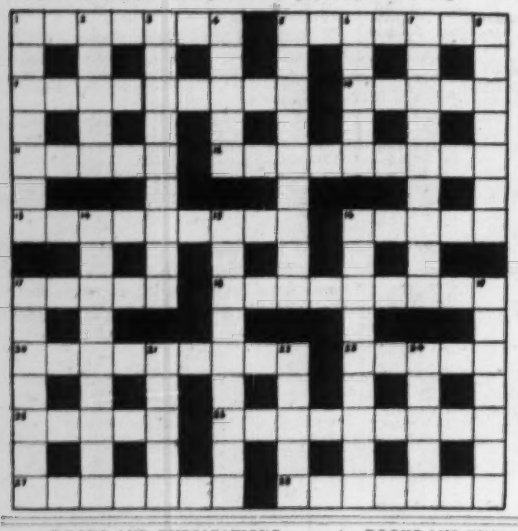
A: (1) . . . Kt-B6, (2) P x Kt, R-Q7, etc.
B: (1) Kt-K3 ch, K-Q5, (2) R x P, B-Q6 ch, (3) K-Kt4, B x R, (4) Kt-B2 ch, K-Q6, (5) B-Kt6 mate.
C: (1) R-B7, R-Q5! (2) R-KR1 ch, K-Kt1, (3) R(1)-R7, R-KR5! (4) KR-Kt7 ch, K-R1, (5) R-Kt5, R-Q5, (6) R-B8 ch, R x R, (7) K x R, R-Q1, (8) R-Q5, etc.
If (2) K x R, R x P ch draws, whilst (2) R(1)-Kt7 *is refuted by* R-Q6 ch, etc. Nor is (2) R-B8 ch possible because the other White R would be blocked by his own K on the Q file.

Only four competitors saw the basic idea of C, and therefore share the prizes. They are D. E. Cohen, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg and T. Simmonds.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 162

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 162, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Aug. 2.



ACROSS

1. Courts in which my partner serves well (7).
5. Like a rough drawing with a vessel in the middle (7).
9. Parliamentary pornography? (4, 5).
10. Naughty Nancy's critic (5).
11. Permission to depart (5).
12. Wrecked fleet ran about a mile for port (9).
13. Ruined manor and the style of a king (9).
16. The results of three-power calculations? (5).
17. Lady of rank who begins to ask for charity (5).
18. Finds out cricket records? (9).
20. For such operations the rose is superior to other flowers (9).
23. He wrote the story of K (5).
25. Coach the coaches (5).
26. Close shop smashed by a tragedian (9).
27. A bob less and they are more luxurious accommodation (7).
28. A dagger for indignation (7).

DOWN

1. Mix the album up for food (7).
2. Girl finished by a subtle emanation (5).
3. A rope with a small weight attached provides a means of communication (9).
4. This food is a mockery (5).
5. Coins nearly all found in recesses perhaps (9).
6. Run for an actor (5).
7. An artist studies a piece of furniture (9).
8. Sankey might be found converting these and leaving out the English (7).
14. One of these garments needs patching (9).
15. Believers in pleasure in thin doses possibly (9).
16. Break down on the river crossing; directory wanted (9).
17. Charm, and we are head over heels in the embrace of a bad woman (7).
19. The American politician would be a fool without his gun (7).
21. One miner in seven needs a wash (5).
22. Uttered about a page with decided taste (5).
24. "—— face must hide what the —— heart doth know" (*Macbeth*) (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 160

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 160

D. G. Shepherd (*Southampton*), *P. J. Dyer* (*London, W.2*), *J. Nixon* (*Geneva*).

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of July "Plebs." "The Future of the Labour Party," by Rt. Hon. Arthur Woodburn, M.P.; "The British General Election, 1955," by Saul Rose (International Secretary of the British Labour Party); "Inquest on an Election Campaign," by Raymond Fletcher; "Norway's Twenty Years of Labour Rule," by a Norwegian Correspondent; "Northern Ireland—The Economic Realities," by Andrew Boyd; "New Pensions for the Old?" by John Bright; "This Wicked World," by J. P. M. Millar; "A Page of Labour College History," by J. P. M. Millar. "Plebs" is 6d., by post 7½d. or 7s. a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

WORDS in the News! Monopoly: n. sole power, or privilege, of dealing in anything: exclusive command or possession: that of which one has such a sole power, privilege, command, or possession. (Gr. monopolion—monos, alone, poleein, to sell.) You'll find it in Chambers's Dictionary along with 150,000 other references. From all booksellers 20s.

DO not miss Harry Pollitt on "Tory Victory and Labour's Future" in July issue Marxist Quarterly, 2s. 6d. all booksellers. Subscriptions, 11s. yearly, post free, to Central Books, Ltd., 2 Parton Street, W.C.1.

HUGH MacDiarmid reviews "The Fisherman's Son," by V. Lacis; and compares the problems of Highland and Latvian fishing communities, in the July "Labour Monthly." Order 1s. 6d. all agents. Or 9s., half yearly sub. from N.S., 134, Ballards Lane, N.3.

WOMEN Chess Champions, U.S.S.R. 13 championship games 1953-4, annotated. Soviet Chess Bulletin Vol. 2, No. 2, 1s 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.). From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

SURGICAL Congress, U.S.S.R., 1955. Also life of famous surgeon Yudin. Progress in neuro-surgery. Soviet Medical Bulletin, Vol. 2, No. 2, 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.). From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8/bookshops.

SOVIET Theatre. Repertoire problems. Stanislavsky tradition. Ballet up-to-date. New ballerina. Shakespeare Studies & productions, etc. Soviet Theatre Bulletin Vol. 2, No. 2, 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.). From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

"LOOK and Listen," the independent journal devoted to all aspects of audio-visual education, is now under new editorship and management. Voucher copy gladly sent on request to the publishers, 62 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.

HEINE: "Versions & Perversions" 14 political poems tr. by C. H. Sisson. Gaberbocchus. 2s. 6d.

BOOKS by Post New, Out-of-Print, Rare. Bought/Sold. Staunton, Church Hill Cottage, Ringmore, Shaldon, Devon.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

WE buy libraries of any description; Penguins, etc., book club & review copies; books, pamphlets on Socialism, C.I., Russia. The Hammersmith Bkshp., W.6. RIV. 6807.

U.S.A.: 113 cheap s.-h. books in English & German. Ask for list 54. Libris, 38a Boundary Road, N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, 13s. 6d. yearly, including postage to any country. Specimen copy 1s. "The Linguist," 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

BOOKS, 2nd hand, posted. Write for lists: Silverdale, 47 Bank Street, Glasgow.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

OCCULT and Health Books. Lists free N.K. Books, 28 (NS), Dean Rd., N.W.2.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

BUCKS. Tapping House Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted specially for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All b'rooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Tel. 2516.

BEAUTIFUL countryside with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex. (Eastbourne Line.) Horam Rd. 32.

CORNWALL: In lovely, unspoilt country by Fowey River, 3 miles sea, modern comfort, notable food in Georgian manor house in own big grounds among green fields, enchanting woods. Fishing. Boating. Send for Brochure S. Penquite House Hotel, Golant, nr. Par. Tel. Fowey 124.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

NEAR Oxford. Croft House, Burcot, has a few vacancies for August and September. Thames-side gardens; hard tennis court; billiards. Club licence. A.A., R.A.C.

BETTWS-Y-COED district. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort, Continental cooking. 7½gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5½-6½gns. George and Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw. Telephone Llanrwst 166.

SEPTEMBER in the Lake District. A few vacancies left at 7gns. per week inclusive. Hassness Hotel, Buttermere, Cumberland. Tel. Buttermere 209.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Nature-lovers welcomed: historic house, woods, lakes, own farm; modern amenities; sea near. Lockley, Orielton Nature Reserve, Pembroke.

AN ideal holiday or week-end in Surrey Pinehills: swimming, tennis, dancing, walking. Treetops Holiday Camp, Farley Green, Nr. Guildford. Tel. Shere 107.

PORLOCK, Halsecombe House, betw. Exmoor & sea; friendly guest hse. Ample well-ckd. country fare. Garage. Stabling. Pers. attention. Mr. & Mrs. W. J. Holmes.

BEXHILL.—Country hse. nr. sea, children welcome, terms mod. "The Thorne," Ninfield Road, Bexhill-on-Sea. (Ninfield 212.)

PAYING guests welc. Modernised farmhse., ideally situated Wenlock Edge. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

WEEK-ENDS or longer in lovely country house amidst most beautiful surroundings. Excellent food—reasonable inclusive charges—restful, friendly atmosphere. The Hallams, nr. Guildford, Bramley. Tel. 306811.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Holiday accom. available three people, July 23-Aug. 6. Comfort. Lobster meals, own boating. Highly rec. Sept. Thomas, Alandale, St. Davids.

UP to 10 guests welcomed in gt. country hse. lovely Cotswold valley. Gd. cen. walks, drives, in unspoilt country. Steanbridge House, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

PAINTING holiday in unique circumstances. 9gns. weekly. Good cellar, good cooking, 3,000-volume library. Brochure: The Gallery in the Hills, Longformacus, Berwickshire.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Country, seaside, good accom., h. & c., spring-interiors. Full Aug. 6-20. Drake, Porthmeor, Newport.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's unique hotel where you find lovely food, every comfort and informal atmosphere. Sharpthorne 17.

THE Slipway House, Port Isaac, Cornwall. Perfect for a restful holiday. Every comfort in charming old-world setting. Directly facing harbour, safe bathing, magnificent cliff/country walks, good touring centre. Garage. Terms 6½-8gns. 'Phone 264.

RESTFUL holidays, Country Guest House, on lovely Herts-Essex border. Good food; home prod. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

SUSSEX. Blue Idol, Coolham, Horsham. Historic 17th century Guest House. Fully modernised. Good food, large restful garden. Beautiful rural surroundings. Coolham 241.

SMALL modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. 'Phone Rottingdean 2614.

KENT, wooded Downs, XVth-Cent. Farmhouse, 5gns. wkly. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted (Tel. 353), Ashford. Between Canterbury & Hythe, walking country.

BEACONSFIELD. Old Jordans Hostel. Quaker Guest House. In beautiful quiet Buckinghamshire countryside. Why spend money and time on long railway journeys?

WRITER'S wife welcomes P.G.s. Raffeen Cottage, Fowey, Cornwall. 6/6½gns. Breakfast, evening dinner. Mrs. Dorman.

PARIS Latin Quarter Holiday. Modern, comfortable Hotel, full board from £9 per week or 30s. per day including wine, service and tax. English spoken. Hotel Tournefort, 24 Rue Tournefort, Paris 5.

AGREEABLE Holiday in Brittany. Pension Cariou-Castric, Lesconil, Finistère, from August 20. 1,000frs. per day in Aug. 850frs. per day in Sept.

YOUR Holiday on the Cote d'Azur, "Hotel Les Sphinx," Mar Vivo, La Seyne-sur-Mer, Var. Sandy beach. £1 8s., Sept.-Oct., £1 4s. Taxes and service included.

THE new 1955-56 edition of "The Good Food Guide" is now ready. Contains nearly 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Nearly a third of the entries are new. The standard goes higher every year. 5s. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell.

SCHOOLS

KING Alfred School (F 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

SCHOOLS—continued

IN Switzerland! At Institut Bleu-Léman, Villeneuve (nr. famous Chillon Castle, Montreux), Lake of Geneva, your daughter will learn French or other languages, attend secretarial course, etc., in surroundings of unique beauty. Holiday course. Winter in the mountains! English refs. Prospectus.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day and Boarding School owned and controlled by Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Kindergarten 15gns., Junior and Senior School 20gns.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals: Carl & Eleanor Urban.

WELL-BALANCED preparation for the great School of Mankind—Life itself—is the aim of The New School, Kings Langley, Herts. While avoiding early specialisation the method (based on Rudolf Steiner principles) seeks to unfold individual faculties and gifts and to develop truly social impulses. Boys and girls, 6 to 18, received as day children or boarders at moderate fees. Number of vacancies now due to recent extensions.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

ODAM Hill School, Romansleigh, S. Molton, for boys & girls interested in farming. Good general education, with agricultural bias. Entry: juniors from 8, seniors 12-14. Mrs. Falkner, B.A.

PINEWOOD. The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter (Hele 390), for children 4 to 11, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-educational, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

ST. Nicholas School, 39, Albyn Place, Aberdeen, for boys and girls of 4 to 14. Day pupils and weekly boarders. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

THE Town & Country Day School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (Primrose 4306.) Small group of weekly or full boarders accepted. Boys and girls 5-18 educated for General Certificate of Education and the Universities. Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WHITTON Dene House (Twickenham-Isleworth area). Nursery-Infant School (3-8 yrs.). Recog. by Froebel Foundation & Min. of Educ. Open-air life in acre gdn. & orchard. Buses 33 & 203. HOU. 4430.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St. W.1. REGent 2803. Founded 1901.

PERSONAL

FAMILY, with no children under 15 years of age, or single woman wanted to help in restoring a little boy of 5 years, without family contacts, to a feeling of mental health and security. Foster parents should be able to offer a permanent home and be willing to cope patiently with the child's moods, difficulties and tempers. Middlesex, London or Home Counties only. Apply Children's Officer, Middlesex County Council, 10 Great George Street, S.W.1.

STUDENT wanted. Sept. only, live with family, give some help daughters 3 & 1. Much free time. Michaels, 36, Hawon Green, London, W.3.

EDINBURGH.—Gentleman motoring from London Aug. 20, returning Sept. 3, in 4-seater Vauxhall, wd. like 1/2 men comps. or married couple. Drivers pref. Box 8522.

TEMP. or occas. help offrd., exp. with aged & infants, reliable, kind. Cd. caretake short periods. Box 8691. MAI. 2508.

ANY suggestions? Man, single, 24, tall P.S. ex-R.A.F. with personality, suffering from boredom, seeks occup. Honest, reliable. Free July 20. Worked as actor, journalist, Art teacher. Travld. throughout Scandinavia and Cont. Drives. Wide interests. Would go anywhere, do anything for remun. Box 8464.

NEW York. Young professional couple offer passage and small salary in pleasant country home to young woman in return light house duties and baby care. One year. Interview London August. Box 8719.

IRISH bachelor (40s & fit, intrsd. people & places, expd. driver) shs. ideas & 2 cheerful comps. (m.) 2/3 wks. unhurried, mod. but un-Spartan hol. Spain/Portugal/or? Sept. or after Oct. 6. State age. Box 8583.

YOUNG man wants seat in car, anywhere South, end Aug. Share driving, expenses. Box 8539.

ZURICH. Car seat(s) Boulogne Aug. 12-28. 19 Braemar Avenue, WEM. 6912.

CO-DRIVER wanted for family car camping holiday, Lake District, Scotland or Cornwall. 1st 2 wks. Aug. WIL. 3869.

YOUNG man, 25, would like comp. (m.) possible holiday Aug. 50-50. Box 8673.

YOUNG teacher (f.) seeks vac. job Aug. Home/abrd. Speaks Ger., English. M. Lucas, 2 Mossley Hill Drive, Liverpool 17.

U.S.A. Jill Massingham returning after 2 years, booking lectures (slides), schools, adults. Box 8653.

TWO amateurs of all things Greek, wishing revive their study, invite others to form small discussion circle. Box 8734.

CAN English family take German teacher (man, 60) as P.G. Aug.-Sept.? Wishes to improve his English. Box 8735.

ENG. woman, degrees, ling., wide interests, gt. zest, shs. wk. socl./research/compan./chldn., sh./long. Pref. Italy. Box 8766.

AU Pair: Educated English girl required to help Finnish family 3 to 6 months. Fare paid. Details Box 8644.

SEASIDE holidays for children. Picnics. Excursions. Every care. Thanet House School, 18 Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn. to 5gns. a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. 'Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

HUMANISM is now an International Movement. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. Wes. 2341.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

PENMAN Club Members, throughout the world, receive market advice, and free criticism of all their MSS. S.A.E. for prospectus. No obligation. The General Secretary, Dept. S, Penman House, 378a London Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap antique furniture. Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship), Founded 1939 to assist the New Author, Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions. Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Ross-on-Wye.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

PERSONAL—continued

WHAT is Voluntary Euthanasia? Speakers arranged for autumn and winter programmes. Write Voluntary Euthanasia Legalisation Society, 17 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

COSTA Brava. Villas and Flats to let for September. £18-£40 monthly. Some fortnightly periods available for the last half of month. October half-price. Details: Dr. Cooper, Bianes, Gerona, Spain.

SOUTH of France. Menton. French and Italian Riviera. Available late September/October delightful Villa overlooking sea amid tropical palms, lemon groves and vines in private grounds. 4 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, lounge, electricity and water. Moderate terms. Box 8339.

EDINBURGH: Univ. Lecturer shs. accom. fairly nr. Tevlot Pl., from Oct. Rms. (no meals) or small flat, inexp. Box 8621.

WATER Colours and Drawings by the late Denton Welch from 5gns. Anne Dunning, Bourneside, Hadlow, Kent. Hadlow 273.

"GIVING Shape to the Unknown": Aug. 19-Sept. 2, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; an adventure in creative expression.

GERMAN, priv. stamp collector, wants to get in touch with English association or individual person in order to exchange (barter) stamps; all sorts of German and European and overseas available. Wanted: English (without colonies), American and European. Please write to F. Reuter, 30 Brunnenstr., Essen-Ruhr, Germany.

THEATRICAL agent and wife require flat convenient West End. Minimum requirements, 2 rooms, kitchen and bath. Ideal opportunity if you have written a play or have a daughter who wants to go on the stage. GER. 5971. Box 8739.

YNG. lady au pair. 3 chld. sch. age. Mod. hse. Own rm. Other help. Box 8760.

TUTOR'S post reqd. by Oxford grad. under 40, cultured, with wide interests. Recently finished tutoring for 7 months, with sole responsibility and care, a boy for his Public School. Willing to travel. Box 8425.

HOLIDAY party. Carefree, inexpensive. Vacancies August. Young company. Tennis, dancing. Box 7910.

ENTERPRISING gardener pref. experimental, to join with owners (inexp. 30's) in dvlpng. lge. garden spare time. Any reas. suggs. Capital, unsk. lab. avail. Furn. acc., ckg. fac. or p.b. Beautiful suburb. Varied emplmnt. opportunities in area. Mrs. Marlow, Dagmar Lodge, Grosvenor Rd., Leeds, 6.

BACHELOR (49) car owner driving France/Italy mid-September, seeks (m.) holiday companion, share expenses. Box 8758.

INTERESTING temp. wk. sought by girl, 18, pre-Univ. (Hist.). Suggs. Box 8765.

CO-driver wanted to join 5 young teachers on Continental tour August 7 to September 5. 'Phone Grangewood 6395.

JOIN Now. Entrance fee waived until Sept. 15. Subscription 2gns. Special terms for married couples, country residents and students. Apply Mem. Sec., Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1.

BERTRAND Russell: "I am in close sympathy with your objects." Write for information to The Survival Movement, 20 Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2.

YOUR body can be used after death for much-needed medical research. For information without charge write Anatomical Donors' Association, Elms House, Fitzroy Park, Highgate Village, N.6.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

MOTHERS take a complete rest this summer. Young foreign girls, willing to help with children, little housework in return for pocket money, available short/long periods. Same arrangements for English girls for Continent from 6-12 mths. only. Book now. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

MOLLIFY your neglected spouse (or Publicity Agent), without changing your personal habits, with a portrait by John Vickers, the photographer who welcomes those who face the camera with misgiving. VIC. 4915. 29B Belgrave Rd., S.W.1.

PUBLISH your own book. Publisher offers facilities/advice. Box 4896.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 8470.

EYESIGHT re-education. Refractive errors and squint treated by qualified Bates Practitioner. Doris M. Brock, 55 Hale Lane, Mill Hill, London, N.W.7. MIL. 2307.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3, "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees. tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WEStern 5209.

LAST vacancies Yugoslavia or Dolomites Aug. 28 to Sept. 11. £38 10s. to £42 including Air Travel. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

PERSONAL—continued

CINEMA and Television Film Production Professional course. Moderate fees. Heatherley Film Unit, 53 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1. VICtoria 6077.

SUMMER Holidays not yet arranged? We can still include you in some of our arrangements: Seefeld, Austrian Tyrol (July 30, August 13, 27), Norwegian holiday (August 9), Dolomites and Lake Garda (August 20) or Cabourg, Normandy, and Paris (August 9), Yugoslavia (August 13 and 27). Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

GREECE in August. Three weeks' tour visiting Athens and Peloponnese. All inclusive, £70. Details of this and many other attractive holidays in 68-page booklet. R.A. Services, 48 (M6) Park Road, N.W.1.

SPAIN, Majorca, Ibiza. 15 days from £34 10s. including travel, full pension, etc. Vacancies August & onwards. Free Guide & prog. from New Vistas Travel Serv., Uxbridge Rd., Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

FAMILY Holidays: you and your family will enjoy a house party by the sea in Cornwall or Sussex, or in the Welsh Mountains. Special Family reductions and supervision of children. July 29-Sept. 4. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

YOUNG Scots Doctor reqs. P.G. accom. London area, starting Sept. Box 8774.

MURAL Artist in urgent need of large studio and small home. Stable block, convertible cottages, etc. Rent or buy on deferred terms. Box 8780.

CAR seats available Austria and Yugoslavia end August, 3 weeks. Box 8776.

VENICE, Florence 22 days. 30/7, 2 seats mxd. group 40gns. inc. Box 8761.

MEDIT. tour mxd. group Sept. 25, 15 days, 30gns. inc. S.a.e.: Box 8762.

"THE Art of Seeing." Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655 for details.

EYESIGHT improved without Glasses. If you have defective vision a qualified Bates Practitioner can help you. Miss Evelyn Sage, 76 Twyford Av., London, N.2. TUD. 4776.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

PERSONAL—continued

CAR lift one seat Italy or Sth. of France 1st week Aug. wanted. Box 8789.

P.S. Do not despair. There are still a very few vacancies in Harold Ingham's Summer Schools Abroad and an immediate enquiry to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, may yet secure a place.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating, circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

SECRETARIAL Aunts; all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand-typists, etc. Literary/commercial typing duplicating, etc. Dictating machine hire service. 4-day service for any length M.S. Special rates students and societies. Public/private meetings, conferences, etc., reported. Translating from/into all European languages. 32/34 Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

MILDRED Furst. 7 years' experience. Theses, scientific and "difficult" work a speciality. Typing and Duplicating executed personally or "expressed" by arrangement. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

MRS. Archer for MSS. Secretarial/Duplctg. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. Bar 5230.

DALEY'S typing & duplicating. Authors' MSS. 2 Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1. HOL. 5157

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts, MSS., Plays, Testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 45 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1. MUSeum 7558.

DUPLICATING; as clear and attractive as print; and of course we type anything expertly. Speedy, inexpensive. The Hampstead Secretarial Bureau, 2a Downshire Hill, N.W.3. HAM 8879.

SECRETARIAL services, correspondence, minutes taken, by experts. HYD. 0891.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting by expert freelance. BAY. 1786.

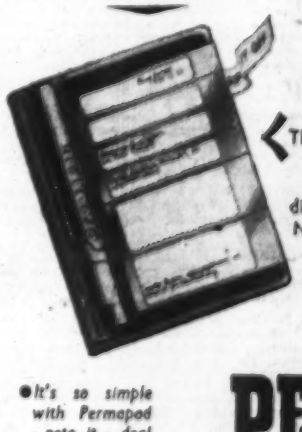
FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by Famous Authors. Novels, Plays, Poetry, etc. Editing by expd. writer. Dorothy Shirley, 118 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

MABEL Eyles Duplicating and Secretarial Agency. First-class work by expd. secs. 395 Hornsey Rd. N.19. ARC 1765/MOU 1701.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 11 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

Forgotten that appointment? or just too busy to remember . . . ?



The Permapad is the world's most modern memory prompter - a combined reminder and note pad that will add distinction to every desk or writing table. No more out-of-sight out-of-mind notes - Permapad gives you over 1,000 memos at one filling. Handsomely made and finished - from stationers and office equipment suppliers everywhere.

Model No. 2 Price 37/6d.

It's so simple with Permapad - note it - deal with it, rip it off.

PERMAPAD TRADE MARK

THE ALWAYS READY MEMO-PAD

FONADEX (BRANSON) LTD. DEPT. N., VIVIAN ROAD, BIRMINGHAM 17. Phone: HARborne 2267/8

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

METEOROLOGICAL Office, Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent posts. Early application is advised. The duties include research in atmospheric physics, covering the study of cloud structure, synoptic and dynamical meteorology, large and small scale diffusion and turbulence, climatology, and development of instruments. There is a limited number of posts for forecasting work at the more important centres. Successful candidates will be given a course in meteorology before being assigned to a research or forecasting establishment for further training and experience. In some instances candidates with national service obligations can be commissioned in the R.A.F. for forecasting duties at R.A.F. stations. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Meteorological Office (M.O.10), Air Ministry, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Candidates must be between 21 and 28 during 1955 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). They must have (or obtain in Summer, 1955) a First or Second Class Honours degree preferably in physics or mathematics. Salaries £492-£885 (London rates for men; somewhat lower in the provinces). Women's scales are somewhat lower than men's but subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Scientific Officer (£1,010-£1,185), and higher posts. Application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. 852/55 (Met.).

B.B.C. requires male Assistant to Engineering Establishment Officer to be responsible for administration and recruitment of manual staff in Engineering Division. Qualifications: experience of interviewing and of dealing with manual staff, knowledge of industrial conditions, high degree of discretion and judgment, sympathetic understanding of personal problems of staff. Duties include occasional visits to all BBC centres. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 per annum maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed env. and quoting ref. "1079 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, BBC, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

STANLEY Royd Hospital, Wakefield. Appointment of Senior Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications invited for above position from persons holding certificate or diploma approved by Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. Candidates should have wide experience of social work among mentally sick people. Stanley Royd Hospital (2,000 beds) is a nurse training school for nervous and mental disorders, and there is a close liaison between the hospital and the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Leeds. Salary scale £645 × £25—£820 × £30—£850. It is hoped that the University of Leeds will start a Course for Psychiatric Social Workers in the near future, and that this hospital will be approved to provide clinical facilities for students. The senior Psychiatric Social Worker would act as Teacher Supervisor to students when undergoing training in hospital. Salary would be revised accordingly. Possession of a car an advantage. National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations apply. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, etc., and names and addresses of two persons for reference should be addressed forthwith to undersigned. W. Bowring, Group Secretary, Victoria Chambers, Wood Street, Wakefield.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Senior Psychiatric Social Worker I (in sole charge) reqd. in County Health Dept. for both pre- and after-care in Community Care Service. Good office accommodation & clerical assistance available. M.H. Cert. (L.S.E.) or Cert. for Psychiatric Social Workers of Universities of Manchester or Edinburgh. Scope and interest offered in new field of Psychiatric Social work. P.T.A. Salary £530-£670 p.a. inclusive (slightly reduced if under 26 years)—scale abated by £15 p.a. for each year or part yr. short of 2 yrs. exper. since qualification. Established, subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. Car allowance considered. Apply, stating age, exper., quals., with 2 referees, to County Medical Officer (Ref. "S"), 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen Street, S.W.1, by Aug. 15 (quote Q866 NS). Canvassing disqualifies.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. (Co-educational boarding and day; 340 pupils aged 4 to 18). Housemother required in September for the youngest boarders (fifteen boys and girls aged 4 to 9). Responsible and rewarding work for the right person, with a love and understanding of children and faith in the ideals of the school. Woman with own child considered. Apply the Headmaster.

WORKERS' Educational Association—West Midland District. Organiser for Birmingham—applications are invited for this post, to start in September. Salary scale £500-£600. Starting salary may be higher than the minimum; the maximum is under review. For details send stamped add. env. to W.E.A., 20 Bath Row, Birmingham, 1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA.—University of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Applications are invited for the positions of Senior Lecturer and Lecturer in Economics. The Lecturer appointed will be required to prepare and conduct correspondence courses in the subject of Economics for the B.A. degree. He will be encouraged to assist in internal teaching in addition to correspondence duties, and to engage in research work. The Senior Lecturer will be required to teach internally and to assist in the administration of the Department. The commencing salary for the Lecturer will be within the range £A1,200-£A1,750 per annum according to qualifications with annual increments of £A80. The commencing salary for the Senior Lecturer will be within the range £A1,800-£A2,150 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A70. The salary of the Lecturer and of the Senior Lecturer will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The Lecturer will be expected to take up duties as soon as can be arranged after the date of appointment; and the Senior Lecturer on or after January 1st, 1956. Conditions of appointment and additional information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is August 29, 1955.

CENTRAL Electricity Authority require a Warden and Tutor at their Residential Training Establishment, Horsley Towers, near Guildford, Surrey. This centre provides short courses on industrial relations, foremanship, management and technical subjects for employees of the electrical supply industry. The Warden and Tutor is responsible to the Authority's Education and Training Officer for conducting courses and for administrative discipline at the Establishment. A separate House Manager is employed. Applicants should have had administrative experience and experience of contemporary techniques in industrial training, including group discussions, projects, case studies and syndicate working. The post, which is superannuable, carries a provisional salary of £1,250 × £50—£1,400 p.a. together with unfurnished accommodation suitable for a married man with family. It is hoped that the person appointed will take up duty not later than October 1. Applications, stating age and giving full details of experience, to D. Moffat, Director of Establishments, Winsley Street, W.1, by August 5, 1955. Quote Ref. AE/642.

MINISTRY of Labour and National Service: Social Worker. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for 10 permanent posts in Industrial Rehabilitation Units in or near London and other large towns. Duties include giving professional help and advice on the rehabilitation and resettlement of disabled persons. Candidates must be at least 21 years of age on January 1, 1955 and must possess Diploma in Social Science or equivalent qualification. Experience in some form of social work an advantage. Inclusive salary for 45½-week: £659-£855 (men) £584-£734 (women). Somewhat lower in provinces. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1., quoting No. 4488/55. Completed applications must be returned by August 4, 1955.

H.M. PRISON and Borstal Service: Assistant Governor (Woman). The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for one pensionable post. Age at least 21 on January 1, 1955. Candidates must have had a sound general education and be able to fill a position of responsibility. They must have a genuine interest in reformative work with adolescents or adults. Starting salary (London): £457 at age 25 or under up to £580 at age 30 or over. Maximum £658. Somewhat less in the provinces. Salary being improved under equal pay scheme. Free unfurnished accommodation provided, or allowance in lieu. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 227/55. Completed applications to be returned by August 18, 1955.

COUNTY of Leicester. Children's Committee. Child Care Officer (woman) required, over age 25 years preferred. Salary A.P.T. Grade II (£560-£640 per annum). The officer will be responsible for all field work in one area of the County, and duties include a complete cross section of the work of a Children's Department. Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma and/or Child Care Certificate. Knowledge of preventive work desirable. Must be able to drive a car or willing to learn. Apply by letter giving age, education, qualifications and experience, with names and addresses of two referees, within 2 weeks of this advertisement, to Children's Officer, St. Christopher's House, 12 Talbot Lane, Leicester.

SECRETARIAL assistant wanted for responsible post in an experimental social work organisation in East London. Duties call for shorthand and typing, skill in office administration, and ability to handle routine matters in the absence of other staff members. Five-day week. Four weeks' annual leave. Salary £365 or according to qualifications. Applications stating qualifications and experience to Hon. Secretary, Shoreditch Project, 46 The Chase, London, S.W.4, before August 8.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Aberdeen. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor-Organiser in the Department of Extra-Mural Studies. The appointment in the first instance will be for not more than five years, at a salary on either Scale (a) (£650 to £950 a year), or Scale (b) (£950 to £1,350 a year), with placing according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation (F.S.S.U.) and Children's Allowance. Part of removal expenses will be refunded. Candidates should have experience of full-time or part-time work in the field of adult education. Applications should be lodged not later than September 6, 1955, with the undersigned, from whom forms of application and conditions of appointment should be obtained. W. S. Angus, Secretary, The University, Aberdeen.

UNIV. of Western Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Law. The salary range is £A1,578—£A1,918 per annum and the commencing salary will be determined on the basis of the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Superannuation similar to F.S.S.U. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses; duties to commence not later than January 15, 1956. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is September 15, 1955.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Applications are invited from Women between the ages of 35 and 55 for the post of Deputy Secretary to the Residential Services Department. The successful candidate would be responsible under the Secretary for the overall administration of homes and schools caring for mental defectives, maladjusted children and old people. Administrative experience and a knowledge of committee procedure essential; nursing or other relevant experience an advantage. Candidates must be energetic, resourceful, and able to travel. Salary £500-£600 according to experience. Applications with names of two referees to the General Secretary, 39 Queen Anne Street, W.1. within 14 days.

THE Political Committee of the London Co-operative Society invites applications for the position of Assistant to the Secretary. Applicants should be conversant with the structure and policy of the Co-operative Party and have a knowledge of the Co-operative, Labour and Trade Union Movements. The duties will be mainly administrative and will require, amongst other things, an understanding of Local Government organisation. The position is superannuated and carries a commencing salary of £675 per annum. Intending applicants should write for further details to Mr. E. Bedford, Political Secretary, London Co-operative Society, Ltd., Pioneer House, 348, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1, no later than Saturday, August 20, 1955.

THE National Association for Mental Health. Duncroft Approved School for Senior Girls. Required for this School, a resident House Instructress, preferably Domestic Science trained, and experienced in dealing with adolescent girls. Salary: Burnham scale plus four additional increments for those possessing recognised qualifications. £422 × £12—£525 if substantially but not fully qualified; £324 × £12—£425 if unqualified, but with experience in similar work. Board and Lodging is provided at a charge of £108 per annum. This school accepts girls of reasonably good intelligence who are likely to benefit from psychiatric treatment given in the school. Terms of appointment and full details will be given on application to the Headmistress, Duncroft, Moor Lane, Staines, Middx.

THE National Corporation for the Care of Old People. Apolications are invited for two posts of Social Worker, one for work in the Midlands, one on the South Coast. Duties will include personal work amongst old people and the preparation of reports on schemes concerning old people's welfare. Persons appointed will be working mainly on their own and they may have to undertake a considerable amount of travelling within the area concerned. Experience in personal service and knowledge of the social services essential. Salary to be discussed but not less than £600 per annum. Applications to The Secretary, at: Nuffield Lodge, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Children's Department. Two Resident Housemothers required at Ashley House Remand Home for 23 boys at Worksop. Previous experience not essential but applicants should be domesticated and interested in the welfare of boys. Salary £350 p.a. × £15 p.a. to £410 p.a., less £108 p.a. for board/lodging. Comfortable quarters available. Application forms and further details from Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham. A. R. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

QUALIFIED Social Worker (Woman) is required for a post of exceptional interest on the outskirts of Liverpool involving an original approach to the problems of new communities; general casework experience and an interest in group work are necessary; salary approx. £650 and car allowance. Full particulars available from General Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society (Inc.), 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1, to whom completed applications should be made within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DIRECTOR of the City Art Gallery, Auckland, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the above position. This vacancy occurs as the result of the appointment of the present Director to the position of Director, National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne. The salary payable to the successful applicant will be £NZ1,300 (gross) per annum. A Circular of information and the Conditions of Appointment are available for perusal at the office of this paper or may be obtained upon application to New Zealand House, 415 Strand, London, or to the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Auckland, New Zealand. Applications close at the office of the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Auckland, New Zealand, at 4.30 p.m. on Friday, September 30, 1955. Applicants resident in the United Kingdom or other European countries are required to forward duplicate copies of their applin. to New Zealand House, 415 Strand, London, England.

ABBOTSHOLME School, Derbyshire. The headmastership of Abbotsholme School will become vacant in January, 1956, and the Council invite applications for this post. Abbotsholme School was founded in 1889 and is an independent boarding school for 150 boys from the age of 11 to 18. It provides a wide and balanced education in preparation for University, professional and business careers. Applicants should send full details of age, academic qualifications, experience and copies of two testimonials, not later than August 3, 1955, to the Secretary, Abbotsholme School Council, c/o Messrs. Slater, Miller & Co., Solicitors, Darlaston, Staffs, from whom further details may be obtained.

NETHERNE and Fairdene Hospitals, Coulsdon, Surrey. Psychiatric Social Worker required in October. Opportunities available for research, out-patient work, social clubs & work in the community as well as Hospital cases. Clerical help and use of car available. Applications giving full particulars of age, experience, etc., and the names of at least 2 refs. to the Physician Superintendent.

APPLICATIONS are invited for post as Assistant Case Worker able to assist generally in Council of Social Service Work. The post gives opportunities for general social work including old people's welfare, and scope for initiative. Social Science Certificate or similar qualification essential. Salary according to age and experience. Apply, giving particulars of age, training and experience, together with copies of not less than two testimonials, to the Secretary, Walsall Civic Guild of Help & Citizens' Advice Bureau, Hatherton House, Hatherton Street, Walsall.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Psychology to begin duties on October 1, 1955, or as soon thereafter as possible. Salary scale £650 × £50—£1,350, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (4 copies) should be sent by August 20, 1955.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the following posts in the Department of Economics: (i) Temporary Research Assistant to assist with research on the structure of property and property ownership in post-war Great Britain. (ii) Temporary Tutor. Salary for each post will be between £400 and £500 per annum according to qualifications and experience. The appointments will be for one year in the first instance and may be renewed for a second year. Applications should be sent by August 15, 1955, to the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

SELLY Oak Hospital, Birmingham, 29. Deputy Warden (resident). Responsible through Head Warden to Matron for supervision of Nurses' Residences. Recognised Domestic Science Diploma and previous experience necessary. £375 × £15 - £420 p.a. less emoluments £130 p.a. Apply Matron.

REQUIRED—Organiser for Citizens Advice Bureau in East London. Experience and Social Service Diploma an advantage, but not essential. Salary according to experience. Apply: Warden, Canning Town Women's Settlement, 4 Cumberland Rd., E.13.

GENERAL Assistant (Resident) required. Boarding Home for Maladjusted Children, Kenilworth Rd., Coventry. Wages £6 4s. per week plus a present working bonus of 9s. per week, less 41s. 3d. board residence. All employees expected to belong to appropriate trade union. Applications by letter to Director of Educ., Council House, Coventry.

ROYAL Academy of Arts. Applications are invited for the post of Curator (male) full-time for the Royal Academy Schools. Salary £600 per annum; studio provided. Experience in Drawing and Painting essential. The successful applicant would be required to take up duties on October 1, 1955. Applications must be received not later than August 15. Further details and application forms may be obtained from Sec., Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

WELFARE Worker (Woman) required, London and Home Counties area, from September 1. Duties include case investigation, general case-work, and boarding-out. Social Science Diploma or equivalent; experience of boarding-out an asset. Application forms from the Principal, National Children's Home, Highbury Park, London, N.5.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DOWNHAM (Kent) Community Centre. Applications are invited for the post of full-time Secretary/Warden of the above centre. Applicants should be persons with appropriate qualifications who have had experience of this type of work. Salary will be at the rate of £500 p.a. rising by annual increments of £20 to £600 p.a. Age limit 25-45. Particulars may be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope to the Secretary, North-West Kent Council of Social Service, Red Lodge, Sidcup Place, Sidcup. Applications should be made in the candidate's own writing and include names of two referees, not later than two weeks after the appearance of this advertisement.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Warden of the Maryport Educational Settlement which is a centre for Adult Education. A graduate is preferred with ability to organise classes and social activities. Salary according to experience £400 to £500 p.a., and in addition the use of a furnished flat rent free, incl. lighting and heating, estimated to be equivalent to £125 p.a. Applications giving full details of education and experience, together with the names of two refs. should be forwarded not later than July 29, 1955 to Dr. J. D. H. Bird, The Retreat, Birkby, Nr. Maryport, Cumberland.

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Applications are invited from women for a post which will become vacant in September. A knowledge of shorthand and typing is essential; standard of education not less than General Certificate; age 21-25; salary scale £350—£20—£450 and membership of superannuation scheme on appointment to permanent staff. Applications (in duplicate) giving details of age, education and experience should be sent as soon as possible to Secretary, University of London Institute of Education, Malet St., W.C.1.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in History with special interests and qualifications in Medieval History. Salary scale £550 to £650 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than August 8, 1955, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

VACANCY for qualified caseworker (woman) in Family Casework Organisation. Is recognised Students Training Agency, undertaking experimental rehabilitation and work on new estates. Salary between £450—£550 according to qualifications and experience. Apply immediately in writing, giving full details and names of two referees, to Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1.

NATIONAL Committee for Visual Aids in Education. Applications are invited for the post of Publications Officer for duties mainly in connection with the publication of a monthly magazine and catalogues. Salary £600—£800 per annum. Further particulars obtainable from the Secretary, N.C.V.A.E., 33 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

PERSONNEL Officer. Large West of London engineering company requires a man (30-45) who has had several years' personal experience in the engineering industry, preferably with a federated company. Post is permanent and superannuated. Applicants should give fullest details education, training, experience, together with salary required. Box 8481.

ORGANISER (woman) of old people's welfare for the Council of Social Service for Stoke-on-Trent and North Staffordshire. Salary £350-£400. Social work training and/or experience essential. Application forms from the Secretary, Council of Social Service, 36 Cheapside, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.

EXPERIENCED Youth Club Leader reqd. Sept. for full-time post Chelsea. Mixed youth club & Children's clubs. Salary £400 rising to £450. Pension scheme. For applic. form apply Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., N.W.8.

REQUIRED: A Temporary General Assistant to the Warden & Caterer at the Devonshire Street Club (National Assoc. of Mixed Clubs & Girls' Clubs). Pref. 20-30. Interest in yng. people essent. Salary £200 p.a. Apply Sec., 29 Devonshire St., W.1

EXPERIENCED University-trained social case-worker over 30 wanted as organising secretary for well-established, developing, voluntary social agency. Salary £600 p.a. or according to qualifications and experience. Applications and two references at once to Box 811, Keith & Co., 137 Princes Street, Edinburgh.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

EXPD. bi-ling. Engl.-German secretary with initiative required by exporters. Only applicants used to methodical, independent work & typing considered. Box 8692.

PART-time typing and other office vacancies exist at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, London, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

EXPERIENCED Secretary wanted. Good shorthand-typing speeds, Knowledge bookkeeping, minutes, etc., £350-400. Contributory superannuation. 3 weeks holiday. Details in writing to Gen. Sec., Scientific Film Assoc., 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

VOLUNTARY Organisation engaged important work Anglo-American co-operation requires woman Publicity Officer capable raising funds by personal interview. Good basic salary and bonus dependent on results. Office central London. Box 8508.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries wanted for temporary work on our emergency staff, 10-5, no Sats. £7 10s. Dutton's Sec. Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

B.A. or B.Sc. tutor Comm. Entr. Maths. Girls' estabt. morngs. Sept. Box 8439.

VOLUNTARY Society, Central London, seeks assistant/shorthand-typist, record department. Interesting human work, pleasant conditions. Preferably age 20-25. Salary by arrangement. Box 8680.

THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1; temporary phone TER. 9124. Lectures and concerts for clubs, colleges, schools. Housekeepers, matrons, wardens, secretaries, bursars, etc., for schools, colleges, hostels and other institutions. Visiting and other music teachers.

PROGRESSIVE School requires Master to teach general subjects to small mixed class of 11-12 year-olds. Apply to the Headmaster, Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. HAM. 2019.

PART-time Typists wanted. One expert Shorthand/Typist for Editorial work. One Typist good at figures, able to calculate percentage discounts. Four-hour day, five-day week. West End office. Box 8703.

SEC. 20-27, well-educ., responsible, reqd. by doctor outer London. Box 8582.

TRAVEL Agency requires man as Representative for duties abroad. Age 25-40, able to speak French. Must be available July 29-September 24. Write fully Box 8709.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6626.

ASTER Secretarial Agency, 231 Baker St., N.W.1. (Nr. Stn.) Come to us for best Permanent/Temp. office posts. WEL. 8774.

CANADA. 24 miles from Toronto. Librarian required September 1, Public Library, Ajax. Min. salary £1,000 p.a. For further partics. apply airmail Chairman, Ajax Public Library, Ajax, Ontario.

EDUCATED woman, to conduct correspondence, required by well-known American magazine publishers. Good salary, pleasant working conditions, 5-day week, luncheon vouchers. Write stating age, experience, present salary to Box 8693.

CORRESPONDENCE School reqs. capable instructor in English (either sex), to work full-time or substantial part-time. Write fully (in confidence) giving details of age, experience and qualifications to Box 8662.

MONTE Carlo firm want English sh./typist of proved efficiency, 3 months' trial; fares paid. Salary £11. Urgent. Callers get priority. Wigmore Agency & Executive Appointments, Ltd., 67 Wigmore St., W.1.

RECORDING Company requires assistants for compiling record lists, catalogues, etc. Experience in proof reading and musical knowledge an advantage. Write, stating experience and salary required, to Box 8752.

SHORTHAND-Typist for small prof. assoc. Kensington. Aptitude for figures. 5-day week. Salary according to qualifications and exper. Lunch Vouchers. Box 8728.

EDUCATED women with good shorthand and typing for several interesting posts, some with short hours (10-5, no Saturdays). To £500. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria, and 2 Broad St. Place, Finsbury Circus. Tel. VIC. 5084 and LON. 5397.

FURNISHING & Interior Decoration. Heal & Son, Limited, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., invite applications from men having completed National Service, to train as Furnishing Salesmen. Salary paid during 6 months' course commencing Sept. Apply in writing stating age and educational qualifics.

MARKET Research. Energetic and conscientious young person to travel England on householder research, temporary or permanent position. Own cycle or car an advantage. Excellent salary and all expenses paid. Box 3803, Robertson & Scott, 42 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, 2.

GERMAN-English Secretary/Shorthand-Typist wanted by City firm. Good salary, but only efficient and experienced applicants can be considered. Five-day week. Social Club. Apply Box 8438.

MARRIED women (and others) seeking part-time secretarial work, write Gen. Sec., Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. Also full-time posts, £6 5s. p.w. plus increments, 5-day week, 4 weeks' paid holiday.

COOK Housekeeper required September 19, 1955, Chelsea Open Air Nursery School. Main duty: ordering and preparing mid-day meal average 40 children and 10 adults. Salary £200 p.a. resident. School holidays. Letters only stating qualifications and experience to: Miss B. I. Grove, 51 Glebe Place, London, S.W.3.

ADULT Education Centre seeks member of house-team with agricultural experience (October). Write to Secretary, Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MOLUSI College, Nigeria. Graduate in Chemistry, Botany, Zoology or combinations of these required October or earlier to teach Higher School Certificate classes in Boarding School for 300 boys. Interesting and challenging opportunity for young man. Free accommodation and passage for self, and wife if married. Details of salary from Principal, Molusi College, P.O. Box 6, Ijebu Igbo, Nigeria.

LEADERS required for Mixed Boys and Girls Club in Islington. Married couple preferred, joint salary from £700, but single applications considered, man from £450. Apply in writing to Warden, Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, W.C.1.

EDITOR'S secretary wanted, temporary, mid-September to mid-January. Accommodation found. Office experience and first-class typing essential. Particulars from "The Countryman," Burford, Oxford.

SECRETARY/shorthand-typist, German and English essential. Good salary and pension scheme. Box 8788.

TEMPORARY employment during vacations in Lyons Teashops is offered. Young men or women are invited to apply to Staff Engagement Office, 2B Granville Place, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

HOUSEKEEPER wntd. for modern farm hse., beautiful surroundings, excel. food, 9 miles Colchester. Must like children. Ample help & time off. Driving licence an adv. Peake, Hill Farm, Boxford, Colchester.

MAINTENANCE - Handyman wanted, single, to live in at School for Maladjusted Children. Whitley Council Scale. Apply by August 6. W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Bodenham, Nr. Hereford.

DOCTOR'S household reqs. resident domestic help early September. Foreign or coloured worker would suit. Box 8553.

QUAKER workers Northern Greece require experienced help with sons 6½ and 3 from Sept. 1 for 10 months. Simple living conditions. Retn. fare, pocket money. Box 8511.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG Chilean, male, 24, matric. Experienced import, export, 2 years experience Hamburg, fluent English, perfect Spanish and German, requires position for 6 months from September. English Refs. Box 8535.

BUSINESS lady of good education, attractive appearance, fluent French, wide experience in industry, at present personnel officer, seeks interesting and responsible post. Travel welcomed. Box 8500.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

MALE graduate, 27, shs, temp. job August South England or W. Highlands, pref. outdoors or teaching. Box 8336.

ISRAELI girl seeks employment as domestic or mother's help. Afternoons & evenings. Teaching Hebrew. Near Notting Hill. From Sept. Box 8729.

A MARRIED couple (man aged 39, wife 28) is interested in position to take charge of residential Home or Institution (preferably abroad). Consid. Nursing and Admin. exp. in similar work. Box 8503.

EX-Viennese lady, linguist, varied secretarial experience, initiative, wants absorbing job England or abroad. Box 8585.

OPTIMISTIC yng. man (30) shs. intrinsically worthwhile employment. Box 8581.

GEN. Director's Secretary, graduate, 25, French Nat., Fr. & Engl. sh./typ., some teach. exp., seeks progr. post. Work in cult. & educ. field considered. Interviews arr. Aug. 1-9. Box 8241.

ADAPTABLE woman with organising ability shs. job with some technical interest where high degree pers. respons. & knack of finding out apprec. Wide exp. Box 7621.

WOMAN 35 seeks change from Secretl. work, pref. where movement, activity and independent responsibility. Box 8643.

ENGINEER, 40, widely qualified, author of technical book, would welcome change from ordinary engineering work. Box 8687.

WOMAN (33), clerical exper., conscientious, methodical, accurate at figures, fluent French, seeks useful, interesting work, such as post in Welfare Org. Box 8677.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3gns. wk. Dble. 5gns. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakfst, dinner opt. Moderate.

BOARDING Accommodation with social amenities for ladies and gentlemen under 35, from 47s. 6d. to 85s., partial board. Applic. forms and information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

BLUTHNER Grand, large sitt. room, double bedr., use kit., bth., frig., tel., pleasant, friendly, suit two, £2 each p.w. FIN. 5507 aft. 6 p.m. or bef. 8.30 a.m.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel: FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

HIGHGATE, close tube. Luxury divan rooms, new contemp. furn., concealed ckr. Use k., b. 57s. and 63s. MOU. 9610.

TO let, single and double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Reasonable. MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

2 LARGE bright rooms furnished, all facilities. Pleasant quiet house, agreeable neighbourhood, suit 1 student or business person. Reasonable rent. 'Phone FIN. 0358.

HAMPSTEAD flat, sleeps 2/3, July 29 for 6 weeks. 4½gns. PRI. 8024.

BETWEEN Kew & Chiswick Bridge, two furnished rooms with french doors in ground floor flat to let Sept. 1. One with fitted carpet, all-night fire, & tel. Box 8388.

IT'S Camden Tn. but park 3 mins. Lge. uncluttered B/S. & kit. £3 3s. Box 8593.

CHARMING room to let in well-appointed flat, suit young lady willing to share family life with young couple. MAI. 4912.

N.W.1, 74 bus route. Quiet room in private house. Divan, fitted cupboards, electric ring, adjacent bathroom. Would provide breakfast. No other lodgers. PRI. 2144.

MODERN single furn. room newly dec., ckg. facil.; phone, etc.; W.1. Man only. WEL. 3921 9.30-5.30, weekdays.

COMFORTABLE room (own cooker & basin) Muswell Hill, for woman student or worker willing to sit-in 2/3 evenings weekly &/or give some help in house. Mod. rent or possibly free in return for services. TUD. 1731.

TO let, July 27-Aug. 31. Modern B/S., kit'ette., tel., use bath. SPE. 1005.

W.14. Divan-rm. gr. flr., gasfire & ring. Suit student. No restrics. 35s. sgle., 47s. 6d. dble. incl. elec. RIV. 8405.

HIGHGATE Wds. Lge. attract. 1-room flatlet, beaut. equip. & furn. C.h.w., use frig. 45s. wkly. MOU. 5196 after 6.

CABIN to let on sailing barge moored near Kew Bridge. Sole use large, light studio during day and some evenings. Bath, Aga cooker. Suit painter or couple. Rent by arrangement. Write Box 8755.

ADJ. Queens Woods: Lge. furn. dble. B/S. kit'ette. £3 10s. p.w. Also single rm. w. & ckg. facils. nr. Tube/bus. TUD. 0516.

AUGUST only, share of flat offered, 45s. p.w. incl. BAY. 2817.

TO let Sept. 3-26, fully furn. cott. 2 bdrms. all mod. cons., garden, gardener, daily maid, incl. Whole period £26 (excl. light, power). Suffolk village. Box 8771.

ACCOM. avail. for gentlewoman in lovely Kenilworth. 5gns. incl. Box 8656.

COUNTRY Cottage between Dartmoor/Sea, sleep 5/6, all mains, garage, to let 6 weeks July to September. 5½gns. Box 8636.

SOLITARY caravan, 22ft. 4-berth, secluded, sheltered, moorland, just become available. "Glebetown," Bridestowe, Okehampton.

CARAVAN, furn., to let. Priv. secluded site nr. beach/mounts. Glorious dist. Frondderw, Llwyngwril, Merioneth.

ZENNOR, Cornwall, furn. bungalow to let Aug. 6-27 & from Sept. 10. Adams, 42 Ham St., Richmond, Surrey. KIN. 8725.

WANTED, Cottage or Bungalow sleep four adults, quiet part of coast not a hundred miles from London, 2 or 3 weeks between August 1 and September 12. Durden Smith, College Hall, Malet St., W.C.1. MUS. 8982.

MULTIPLE stores seek unfurn. accomm. near Bromley, Croydon, Fulham and Maida Vale for local Managers. Box 8751.

TEACHER'S family (3 children) urgently require accommodation, pref. unfurn., anywhere London area. Syers, 13 Cleveland Road, Barnard Castle.

SCIENTIST reqs. 3 rooms, N.W. London. £5. No f. & f. Box 8624.

JOURNALIST, Oxford grad. late 20s, shs. furn. flat, or bed-sitter, central London. Will consider sharing. Box 8589.

YOUNG composer & author wife need privacy room(s)/flat, central, reasonable. Days MUS. 3815 (Ext. 21). Box 8638.

SINGLE business lady reqd. unfurn./part-furn. accomm. London, quiet position. Small premium/decorations cons. Box 8664.

PROF. Gent. (25) shs. flat/rooms, willing to share. London area. Box 8657.

UNIVERSITY Lecturer, wife, 9 mths. twins, seek furn. rural accomm. nr. London. Sept./Dec. Box 8635.

UNIVERSITY student, ardent Socialist, seeks accom. with cultured, progressive family within easy reach central London. Telephone and piano essential. Box 8683.

ANTHROPOLOGIST visiting Oxford seeks furn. accommodation, 3 bedrooms, young family, mid-August through November. W. W. Fay, Sudbury, Massachusetts.

ST. Albans dist. rented accom. for wom. teacher, 2 childrn., by Sept. Box 8466.

FURN. hse./flat reqd. Marr. couple. Torquay/Bournemouth fortnt. Jan. Box 8622.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last 2 weeks. Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. evgs. 6.30. Tues. & Sun. 7.0. "Mourning Becomes Electra." Membership 10*s.* yearly.

UNITY Th. EUS. 5391. "Peacemeal," Unity revue. Fris. Sats. Sns. 7.45. Mems.

"MADAME Butterfly"—Royal Festival Hall. New Film Version in Technicolor. Actors from Takarazuka School & Stars, Chorus & Orchestra of Royal Opera House, Rome. Suns. July 31, Aug. 7, 14, 21, at 4.30 & 7.30 p.m.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until July 24: "Open City" (A). From July 25: Fabulous Indian film "Aan—Savage Princess" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., July 23, Gloria Grahame, Glenn Ford in "The Big Heat" (X). Dir.: Fritz Lang. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

ILFORD New Era Film Society. Sunday, July 24, 7.30 p.m. Little Theatre, Ilford. Carné's "Les Visiteurs du Soir" with unusual supporting programme.

AFRICAN Ball. Sat., July 23, 7.30-11.30. Holborn Assembly Hall, Grays Inn Rd.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Dancing to Dave Stevens Trio. Sat., July 23, 8-11. Members 3*s.* Their guests 5*s.*

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. B.B.C. presents 61st Season. Royal Albert Hall. Sat., July 23 & nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 17. Tickets: 8*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.* at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2*s.* 6*d*, available nightly at doors only.

EXHIBITIONS

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Suns., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior, Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2.30-6. 2*s.* 6*d.*

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Original Pavilion furniture lent from Buckingham Palace by gracious wish of H.M. the Queen. Gold plate and silver by Regency craftsmen. The State and Private apartments completely furn. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily, inc. Sunday.

THE Crafts Centre of Great Britain. "Mask and Effigy." Textile Murals by Michael O'Connell at 16-17 Hay Hill, W.1, until August 6: Weekdays 10-5, Saturdays 10-12.30. Admission free.

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. Paintings by Singapore Artists until Aug. 21. Wkdys. 10-4.30. Sats. 10-5. Suns. 2.30-6. Admn. free.

"TURN Again . . ." Exhibition by Mars (Modern Architectural Research) Group. A selection of the world's best modern architecture with the object of raising the architectural standards in the City. Opened at 12 noon, July 12, by the Lord Mayor in the Courtyard of the Royal Exchange. July 12-30, Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Adm. free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Summer Exhib. British & French Artists.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. A Group of XXth-Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Names to Remember: Painters of the Gallery.

MODERN Furniture and Furnishings for Bed-sitting Room by well-known designers. Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

ARCHER Gall., 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings by Pamela Beves. Till Aug. 6. Tu.-Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Closed Mon.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of paintings by Angelica Kauffmann. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-7. Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

ST. GEORGE'S Gallery, 7 Cork St., W.1. Joan Eardley: First One-man Exhib., St. George's Gallery London Group Prize-winner. Important Picasso Etchings 1930-1936.

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. Chinese Scroll Paintings by David Kwok. Wkdays. 10-4.30. Sats. 10-5. Suns. 2.30-6. Until Aug. 7. Daily demonstrations by artist. Adm. free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. "Man, Machine and Motion." An Iconography of Speed and Space. Mon-Fri., 10.30-6 p.m. Sats. until 1. Closed Suns. 1*s.* Mems. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Bacon, Scott, Sutherland. Until July 29.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Summer Exhibition of 1955. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes Aug. 27.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Sven Blomberg: paintings; Romaine Lorquet: sculpture. 11-5.30.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise. Annual event at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Place, W.1. Summer Exhibn., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED new prints Courbet's Still Life Apples & Pomegranate £2. 5*s.* plus 10*s.* 8*d.*; Butinone's Christ disputing with the Doctors £1 17*s.* 6*d.* plus tax 8*s.* 11*d.*

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Mondriaan, 1872-1944: retrospective exhibition. Opens August 6. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

GIACOMETTI. An Exhibition of Sculpture, Paintings and Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes July 23. Fri. Sat. 10-6. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. "Co-Partnership"; Ian Mikardo, M.P., Wed., July 27, 7.30, St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors welcome, 2*s.*

"THE Labour Movement—What Next?" A National Conference called by the Daily Worker. Shoreditch Town Hall, Sat., Sept. 17, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. All Trade Union, Labour Party and Co-operative Organisations invited to send delegates. Details from Conference Sec., Daily Worker, 75 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., July 22, 8 p.m. Boris Ranevsky, reading of poems by Jessenin. Fri., July 29, 8 p.m. I. Motchaloff, Lecture-recital Western and Russian Music. End of season. Club re-opens Sept. 16.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Thurs., July 28, 7.30, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.): Mr. N. C. Chatterjee, Barrister-at-Law, Supreme Court of India (sometime Judge of Calcutta High Court) on "Religion & the New World Order." Meditation & Discourse, 5 p.m., Sundays, at the Centre, 68 Duke's Ave., N.10. All welc.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "What has happened to literature and art?" The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., July 24, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public lec., Sun., 8 p.m. July 24: "Psychic Laws and Forces."

BAHA'I Centre, 27 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Public Meeting Thur., July 28, 7.30 p.m. Speaker: Ian Semple, B.A.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday 11 a.m. Closed. Recommence September 11.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE College of Commerce, Bristol. School of Management Studies provide a full-time course, from Sept. 26, 1955-July 20, 1956, which includes a period of industrial experience. Comprehensive fee £20. Detailed prospectus from Registrar.

BUSINESS Executives training for professional qualifications. 2-year course, North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5. GUL. 1154.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Day and resident students. Canteen.

GENERAL Certificate of Education & B.A. General Degree Course. North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, N.W.5. GUL.liver 1154.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others, 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8392).

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards), London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

ADV. and Ord. Level Courses for London University General Certif. of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), also preparation for B.A., M.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B. and Diplomas, G.C.E. (all other Examining Bodies). Low fees, instalments. Prosp. from Registrar (70), University Correspondence College, Burlington House, Cambridge.

IDEAL career for the intelligent modern young woman. Stenotyping (machine shorthand) is quickly and easily learnt; used increasingly by leading home and overseas organisations for verbatim reporting and higher-grade secretarial work. Interesting and progressive posts with opportunities for work abroad, good remuneration and status. Demand for trained stenotypists now exceeds supply. Write for prospectus of day and evening courses or call for demonstration. Palantype College, 229/231 High Holborn, W.C.1. Telephone: HOLborn 9162.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

JUDO Courses for Beginners. Apply Secretary, The Budokwai, 4 Gilston Rd., S.W.10. (Tel. KEN. 1540 after 3 p.m.)

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginrs. crse., all ages. Brochure Spanish Centre, 36 Cranbourn Street, W.C.2. COV. 0754.

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing. Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

"THE Dangers & Uses of Atomic Energy": Week-end School, Coleg Y Fro, Rhoose, Nr. Cardiff, S. Wales. Sept. 9-11. D. G. Arnott, Dr. Stark Murray, John Maynard Smith, Norman Veall, £2 10*s.* whole week-end. Application forms Socialist Medical Association, 86 Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

THERE are still a few vacancies at the 4th Annual Buddhist Summer School, Hoddesdon, Aug. 20-26, £6 15*s.* incl. Speakers: Ven. Gunasiri Thera, Christmas Humphreys, Maung Maung Ji, Edward Conze, Ronald Fussell. Write now, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1.

NINE star speakers on "What Labour Should Do." Fabian Summer School, Farnham, August 13-20. Details: 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

DRAMA Summer School: Aug. 10-16 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; followed (Aug. 19) by Braziers Summer School.

THINKERS' Holiday Organisation. 1955 Summer School: "Democracy in the Atomic Age." Buxton, August 13-27. Speakers include H. J. Blackham, Prof. E. Devons, Prof. S. E. Finer, the Rev. G. J. G. Grieve, Wilfrid Harrison, Sir Will Lawther, Prof. H. Levy, D. A. Routh. For details apply to T. H. O., 8 Kenton St., London, W.C.1. Visitors from abroad especially welcome.

EVENING Drama School, Interval Theatre Club, London, W.1. Aug. 22/27. 4 *gns.* Also Day Schools London & Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, 14 days (July/Sept.). Courses in Dramatic Art. Prof. staff. Dets. Mrs. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

LANGUAGE Holidays in England. Practise your French, German or Spanish by lessons or conversation at one of our international house parties in Sussex, Cornwall or Wales. July 29-Sept. 4. From 7 *gns.* per week. Erna Low, 47(HP) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

MISCELLANEOUS

HAVE your bedding remade by Heals whilst on holiday, 14-day service. Write for Remake Bedding Folder. Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

"SE comprendre c'este la paix." The Linguists Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO 9595.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, GLA. 2987.

SPANISH concert guitar by Edgar Mönch, perf. cond. Cost £125, de luxe case incl. £110. Simpson, PRI. 0492.

PICTURES for sale. Several exceptional bargains currently available. Signed original works by really top artists (British School), v. low prices. List from Box 8344.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith and practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd., London, E.2. 'Phones SHOreditch 3889/6046.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small Hall & Committee Rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

ARE you considering floor coverings? We lay ply-parquet floors. Wonderful appearance and wear at 25*s.* sq. yd. and 30*s.* sq. yd. for surrounds. Specimen floor can be viewed. Kingsway Co., Imex House, 42 Theobalds Rd., W.C.1. CHA. 5174.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

WEST Kensington, W.14. Two small furn. flats to let for 6 months or longer. 2 rooms, kit. & bath. 3½ and 4 *gns.* Cookes & Burrell, West Ken., W.14. FUL. 7665.

S/C. furn. flat Putney, suit 1-2. All convens. Approx. £5. Norwood Hill 171.

FURN. s/c. Garden flat, Victoria; double bdrm., sitting-room, kit/b., sep. w.c. phone, own entrance. 3½ *gns.* Phone TAT 0973 before 9.30 a.m. or Box 8749.

FURNISHED flat. Two rooms, kit., dinette, bath, garden, garage. Yearly. LIB. 6157.

FURNISHED bungalow in 22 acres of Sussex woodland. Three bed., bath., reception, garage, sun-terrace, studio. Calor gas. Free from Sept. 1. Box 8520.

TO Let, a small historic house in Corsham, Wilts. Mod. Con.; 3 reception; 5 bed; bathroom, etc. Rent £150 p.a. Apply Agent, 15 St. Mary Street, Chippenham, Wilts.

PEMBROKESHIRE, Newport, delightful seaside & country town. Ground-floor flat to let. Mid-July onwards. Apply Phillips, Abergawe House.

TO let furnished. Small Elizabethan house near Thames. Equidistant Cirencester, Swindon, Oxford 19 miles. Box 8690.

FURN. cott. to let Winter. Unspld. Suffolk coast. Garage. Calor, Elsan. Box 8712.

YOUNG professional couple, no children, require small furnished or unfurnished flat South London, beginning Aug. Box 8592.

BUS. lady reqs. small unfurn. S.C. flat, preferably S.W.1 area. Box 8579.

TWO business women require furn. flat, Kensington or near. Box 8559.

UNFURN. or part/furn flat wanted, West London, by professional lady. Box 8449.

B.B.C. producer (Oxonian, young) seeks small flat. Box 8718.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

BROADWELL Nook, Market Lavington, nr. Devizes. A really delightful and well-fitted Cottage residence built of brick, whitened, part thatched and part tiled. Lounge Hall. 2 Reception. Excellent Kitchen. 3/4 Bedrooms. Bathroom (h. & c.). Pretty garden with good views. Main Electricity and Water. Septic Tank Drainage. Part Central Heating. For Sale by Auction later (unless previously sold). Thake & Paginton, Agents, Newbury.

ESSEX. 18th century det. cottage. 3 bed., bathrm., lounge, kit., scul., small garden, space garage. Frhld. £1,750 Box 8642.

CUMBERLAND. Cottage in good repair, gdn., gar. Offers vicinity £650. Box 8639.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

All subscriptions are pro rata for six months

Surface Mail to any address in the world:
One year, £2 5*s.* 0*d.* 6 months, £1 2*s.* 6*d.* 3 months, 11*s.* 6*d.*

Air Mail to any address in Europe: £3 12*s.*; Middle East £4 18*s.*; S. America £5 18*s.*; India £5 18*s.*; Australia, New Zealand, Japan £7. Other countries: by quotation.

Air Express (posted immediately on arrival at main airport):
India, Pakistan £4 12*s.* 6*d.*; Singapore, Malaya £5 5*s.*; Australia £6 5*s.*
Africa: South £4 12*s.* 6*d.* East £4 10*s.* West £4 5*s.*

Special Service to Canada & U.S.A. Residents in North America may remit to Surface or Air Express subscriptions at the following annual rates to
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC., 30 East 60th Street New York 22.N.Y.
Surface $8.00 Air Express $19.00

POSTAGE on this issue: Inland 1½*d.*; *Foreign* 1½*d.*; *Canada* 1*d.*

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1 (Holborn 8471)

More Classified Ads. on Pages 116, 117, 118, 119

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.